HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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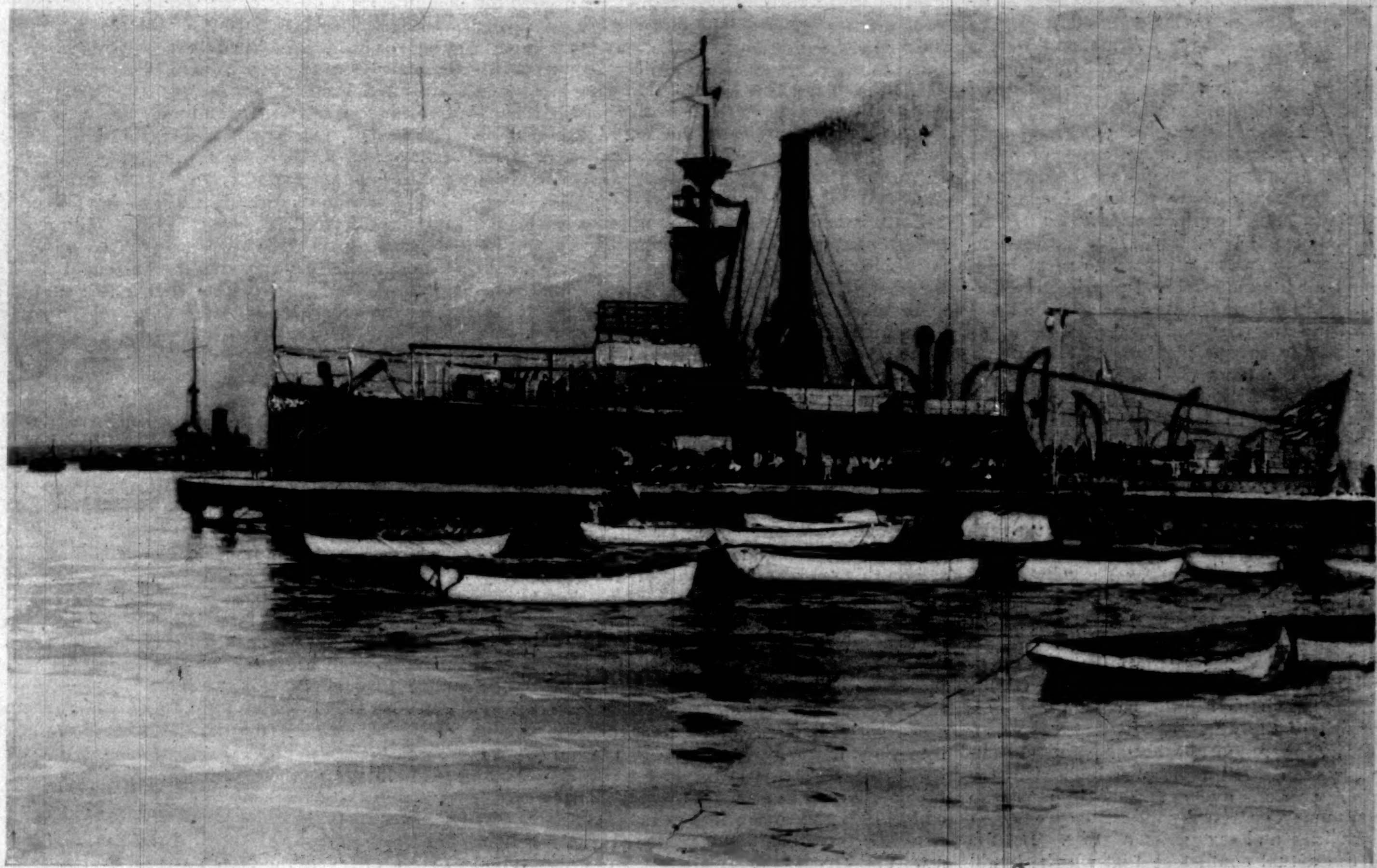
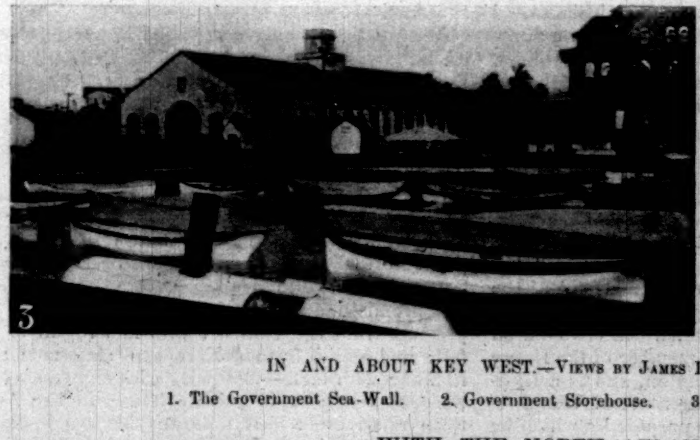
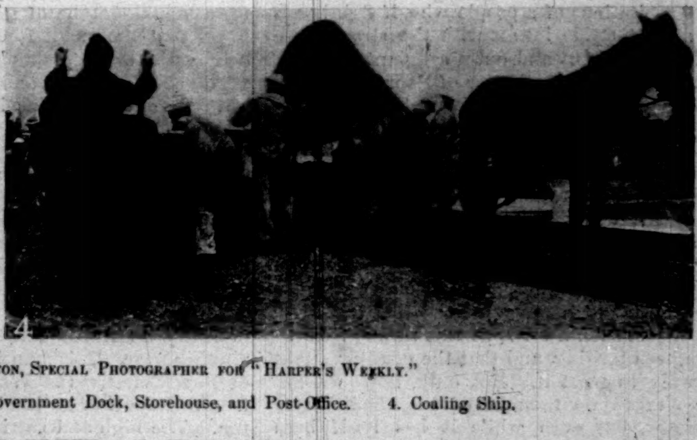


U. S. S. "HELENA" COALING AT GOVERNMENT DOCK, APRIL 9, 1898.
Showing Boats sent in from the Battle-Ships when they were stripped for active Service.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."





IN AND ABOUT KEY WEST.—Views by James Burton, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly."
1. The Government Sea-Wall. 2. Government Storehouse. 3. Government Dock, Storehouse, and Post-Office. 4. Coaling Ship.

WITH THE NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET AT KEY WEST.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 23, 1898

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The four-page illustration (16 × 45 inches) entitled "Bird's-eye View of the United States Navy," which originally appeared as a Supplement in HARPER'S WEEKLY, *has been printed separately on heavy plate-paper, with a "key," and a list of the ships arranged by classes, with armament, etc., and will be sent in a tube upon receipt of twenty-five cents.*

THE war that may be upon us when these lines are read will steady the nation, and bring a calm that will be most refreshing after the excited screaming from which we have all suffered during the last few weeks. There will rest a duty then on all men who are capable of thinking and of realizing the stern conditions of war, and the imminent dangers to the morale of the people that are invariably the accompaniments of modern warfare. The question of the material and physical sacrifices that must be endured and suffered will be settled forever the moment war is declared. The lives that will be lost, the treasure that will be poured out, the misery and grief that will be visited upon the helpless and the innocent—all these are certain, unavoidable, and they will undoubtedly be borne with the even-minded courage which is characteristic of our countrymen and countrywomen. There will be shown, too, the heroism in actual conflict, and, we trust, skill in military leadership, which will give to the country the victory for which all patriots must long. But beyond all the material and physical circumstances that attend and follow war, beyond the battles and the glory, beyond the joy of the fighting-man and the savage pleasure of the human chase, beyond the tears of the widows and orphans and the desolation of broken homes, there is something else to think of. The joy of battle ought not to feed the lust of conquest. The glory of victory ought not to be sullied by the corruption of commercialism. The savage pleasure of the human chase, our inherited barbarism, ought not to be made to cover the greed of the self-seeking politicians. There are noble sentiments animating the American people. Their hatred of Spain is based on hatred of tyranny, of cruelty, of bigotry. Their motive for the conflict is also an inheritance, but not an inheritance of barbarism. It is the descended virtue of the fathers who battled for human liberty and for self-government, and this noble virtue should be kept the animating spirit of the war. Let us make the conflict, if conflict there must be, as noble and as stimulating as we can. Let us insist on lifting it above the ignoble passions and ambitions of men who have seen money, or "good politics," or promotion in the cruelties and savageries of war. Let the spirit of the actual conflict be that which should animate a real struggle for human rights and against human barbarism and treachery. Let the sun that goes down on the battle, and on the victory of the American people, go down also forever on the futures of the vile harpies who have cried for war, and who have vulgarized the sacred beliefs and aspirations of a people who, if fighting is to come, must stride into it with the strong stepping of an indignant and outraged giant, and not, after the manner of the House of Representatives, like a screaming and vituperative fishwife.

THE experience of the country for the last few weeks ought to have demonstrated to Congress the value of preparation for war. We believe firmly that it was the strength of the North Atlantic squadron that prevented Spain from declaring war against the United States when CANOVAS was Prime Minister; and it ought to have occurred to Congress two years ago that there was danger of just such a crisis as this through which we have been passing, and that the country ought to be ready to meet it. Not only, however, has Congress taken no thought of the condition of the country, but even while it has itself been storming for war, it has deliberately refused to pass measures that are absolutely essential for making the army and navy effective. The country came up to the verge of war so unprepared that fifty millions of dollars had to be placed at the disposal of the Executive, and, as in all cases where expenditures are made in a hurry, and when the purchaser is at the mercy of the seller, much of this has been wasted. We trust that the lesson will not have been in vain, and that the country will insist on a sufficient force hereafter, both of the army and the navy, to deter attacks from foreign powers, and to protect it from the consequences of the mouthings of its own Jingoes.

IT is our duty again to call attention to the fact that the newspapers are publishing plans of battle. A rather elaborate one appeared one day last week in a New York newspaper. If these plans were true, they must have been obtained from some disloyal person in the employment of the government. Their publication was notification to the enemy, and therefore treachery, and the government ought to make it understood that hereafter measures will be taken for the suppression of a newspaper that reveals the military plans of the army, and Congress should at once give the Executive the necessary power to act. This proposition will probably be said to be un-American and undemocratic, but successful war can only be made when the power at the head of the armed forces is arbitrary.

ONE fact about this conflict in Cuba is a puzzling one. Why have the Spaniards not defeated the Cubans? There is not a cavalry officer in the world, including General LEE, who is familiar with Cuba, who does not believe that well-disciplined and intelligently led forces of cavalry could have cleared the island of insurgents in a month, at any time during the history of this insurrection. It must be true that the prolongation of the war has been so profitable to high Spanish officials that they have been willing to face any loss of prestige for their country, including the loss of the island itself, in return for the plunder that the war has in it for them.

ZOLA is to be tried again, it appears, unless the government can prevent the generals from exerting their rights as individuals to bring civil actions for libel. It has come to pass that the high character of the chiefs of the army has been made doubtful by their persecution of ZOLA, and that, although a judgment given by them against an offending officer before the revelations of the DREYFUS case might have gone unquestioned, no important conviction by secret court martial hereafter will escape taint.

IT is greatly to be regretted, whether there is to be war or not, that on the eve of an expected war Congress should have struck a blow at the regular army. No matter what Congressmen may say on this subject, they know—if they know anything of the history of the country—that in case of war we must depend upon the officers of the regular army—that is, upon the professional soldier. In refusing to pass a bill providing for an increase of the army from 25,000 to 104,000 men, the House of Representatives deliberately voted to sacrifice the lives of the troops who must be sent into Cuba if war breaks out. It must be remembered, too, that this increase of the army was to take place only in time of war, and that the defeated bill did not provide for the material increase of our little force in time of peace. If there is to be a war, an invading army must be sent to Cuba, and it ought to consist of at least 75,000 men. A hundred thousand men would be better. The present regular army could spare perhaps 15,000 men, and that would be the only effective force that could be sent into Cuba at the beginning of hostilities, for at the outbreak of the war militia and volunteers would not be of great value. This would mean that the small force sent to the island, accompanied or unaccompanied by citizen soldiers, would be slaughtered, and mainly because Congress has refused to pass what is known as the Reorganization bill.

THE politicians were governed in their action, it is said, by the demands of some of the militia. We are sorry to hear this, and we know that the regular army is sorry to believe that militia have thus expressed an enmity against the professional soldier. The character of the opposition and of the men who made it is writ large on the photograph of JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, which will be found on another page. This man is a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, and is a Lieutenant-Colonel of militia in the State of Washington. The high and patriotic purpose by which he is governed is indicated by the confession with which he opened his recent speech against the regular-army reorganization bill. "I am interested in this bill," said this noble creature, and he continued: "If this bill goes into effect as now provided, it legislates me out of office. I am at present an officer of the National Guard of the State in which I live." And so to save JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS's commission the regular army is to be sacrificed. We advise our readers to study LEWIS in his uniform, and to note the air with which he will protect our coast from the remote fastnesses of the State of Washington. We know, however, that this opposition to the regular army is not felt by all the militia, and that many of the National Guard are governed by quite another spirit, and that they think the incident mentioned below disgraceful. We refer to the action of the Forty-seventh Regiment of Brooklyn, if it is reported correctly. This organization, it is said, will decline to go into service of the United States unless it can be commanded by officers of its own selection. In other words, this organization, if the report be true, decides to be disloyal and mutinous if the commander-in-chief of the army of the United States orders it to serve under officers of his choosing. It is not by men who lack discipline and patriotic devotion to duty that battles are to be won or the country defended.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE AND CONGRESS.

THE President's message was the calm and dispassionate argument of a man realizing his responsibilities, desiring to put an end to the horrible state of affairs existing in Cuba, but determined to accomplish his object, if he were permitted, without visiting upon his own country the miseries of war. The resolutions reported by the Foreign Affairs committees of the two Houses of Congress did not adopt the President's recommendation; they bade immediate interference, and were, in effect, a declaration of war against Spain, leaving Spain's exhaustion and weakness the only chance of peace.

To one who read the message with an open and intelligent mind, it is clear that the President thought at the time that no just cause of war between this country and Spain could be formulated, and, therefore, no reason to sustain the threatened declaration of war could be stated. The message began with an accurate statement of the facts concerning the conditions that exist in Cuba as results of the present insurrection. The President did not spare the Spaniards in describing the miseries that have resulted from the barbarous policy which characterized WEYLER's conduct of the war, and he gave due weight both to the losses that had fallen upon the commerce of this country by reason of the prolongation of the struggle, and to the severe trial which the war has been to the temper and sympathies of the American people. He then spoke chronologically of the relations to the struggle of this country. Only two years ago—in April, 1896—Mr. CLEVELAND offered to attempt to bring about peace through the mediation of this country, and the offer was refused, almost indignantly, Spain declaring that no suggestion of mediation or peace would be entertained unless the plan of settlement began "with the actual submission of the insurgents to the mother-country." And now, in two years—not through any signal victory gained by the insurgents, but by the failure of the Spanish forces to put down the insurrection, and by the moral intervention of the United States, and by expressions of popular indignation on the part of our people—Spain had not only receded from her haughty attitude, but had promised liberal reforms of government, was at least pretending to try to carry them out, had revoked the order of concentration, and was suing for peace from the insurgents.

Within these two years, as the President showed, hundreds of thousands of people had died from the cruelties of the war as it had been waged by the Spaniards, and the island had become a waste place. Mr. CLEVELAND and he had both notified Spain that the hard and savage conditions existing in Cuba could not be tolerated indefinitely by this country. Nevertheless, no reform was attempted so long as the Conservatives remained in power in Spain; but when the assassination of CÁNOVAS was followed by the appointment of the Liberal SAGASTA to the Premiership, a more liberal policy was promised, and had since been declared. The pressure from the United States had begun to be felt; and well-informed European statesmen are familiar with facts—especially with expressions of the Queen-Regent in private letters to her Austrian relatives—which indicate that the Spanish government would have been glad at any time during several months, and would now be glad, to abandon the effort to subdue the insurgents, were it not for the fact that the dynasty would be imperilled by a surrender that would appear base to the Spanish populace, and that would therefore excite either a Carlist or a republican revolt. As it is, **Carlos** has declared that while he will support the dynasty in a war against the United States, if the dynasty yield without war he will himself vindicate the honor of the country as its king.

During the year 1897 the Spanish authorities permitted the intervention of this country by way of charity, and relief committees were organized. The President informed Congress that this work of charity had been very considerable, and that the distribution of nearly $200,000 in money and supplies had been greatly aided by the local authorities—that is, by the Spanish authorities in Cuba. He said, "Thousands of lives have already been saved." And yet the cause of the misery and suffering continued. **Weyler's** concentration order, although somewhat modified, remained in force, and it was not until the expressions of sympathy, of horror, and of sadness reached a still further and more advanced stage of acuteness that Captain-General **Blanco** revoked the order entirely, directed that the reconcentrados be permitted to return to their farms, that they be aided to renew their industrial pursuits, and that public works be established to give them employment. And to carry out all this a sum of $600,000 was appropriated.

Spain had promised and granted relief because of pressure from the United States, and because, after Mr. **Proctor's** speech revealing the tragedy as it presented itself to his honest eyes, there was danger that the people of this country could no longer be prevented from insisting that the nation whose cruelties had caused such misery should be driven from the continent. We had gained this much by peaceful methods, by insisting that we should no longer be tormented by the terrible tale of starvation almost at our doors. But the contention of the Foreign Affairs committees of the two Houses is that, notwithstanding this gain, Spain must give a guarantee that the evils of which we complain shall be ended forever, so far as she is concerned, by her retirement from Cuba, and to effect that object the President should be ordered to employ the armed forces of the country.

But the President himself did not rest with compassing the revocation of the concentration order and the relief of immediate suffering; he insisted that the war in Cuba shall come to an end. On the 27th of March he proposed to Spain an armistice until the 1st of October next, for the negotiation of peace with the good offices of the President. To this the reply of the Spanish government, on the 31st of March, was unsatisfactory, involving the demand that the armistice should be requested by the insurgents. Negotiation stopped here, and war seemed inevitable, until the Spanish government, moved again by the firm attitude of the President, and probably by our preparation for war and by clamor inside and out of Congress, and partly also by the mediation of the Pope, declared an armistice on the 10th of April, an armistice without limitations, and for the purpose of facilitating peace. In this last surrender of the Spanish government for the purpose of avoiding war with the United States, Mr. **McKinley** saw a hope that our "aspirations as a Christian, peace-loving people will be realized." But the Congressional committees did not agree with him, but insisted that Spain must bring the war to a close at once. The President's arguments against the proposal to recognize either belligerency or independence were unanswerable, and in this the majority party in Congress agreed with him, General **Lee** himself, whose friendship for the Cubans is known, having said that no insurgent government worthy of recognition existed in Cuba. As to the *Maine*, it was clear that no cause of war yet existed on account of her destruction, because our own board was not satisfied that Spain was criminally responsible, and had so reported. That it might yet become a cause of war was true, for Spain might refuse to listen to our case, or to make the reparation which is clearly our due on account of her negligence. But until that time came, and until something happened that had not yet happened to show that Spain's present efforts to bring the war to a conclusion must be unsuccessful, it seemed wise to the President that we should wait, the precaution having been taken to intrust to him the power to use the armed forces of the country to bring lasting peace and a stable government to the distracted island of Cuba. With that conclusion Congressmen again did not agree. They demanded immediate intervention, even if that meant war. This, indeed, was the effect of both resolutions, but that of the House authorizing and directing intervention left the President some latitude, and the country some slight hope of peace, while the Senate resolution, declaring also for independence, was a demand that Spain immediately evacuate Cuba. To this the reply of Spain was that she could not yield to such a demand and maintain her present government.

A CASE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

If we go to war with Spain it is of high interest to the American people that their motives should be correctly understood by the civilized world. To what harsh and unjust imputations we are exposed appeared recently from an utterance of one of Prince **Bismarck's** press organs in Germany, which, among other very ill-natured flings, attributed the popular desire in the United States to put an end to Spanish misrule in Cuba to an "ignoble greed for territorial aggrandizement" on our part. Nothing could be more unfair. True, we have among us a number of noisy Jingoes who have long been "spoiling for a fight," who desire a war for war's sake, and to whom a pacific composition of the Spanish quarrel would therefore be most unwelcome. There are also unscrupulous speculators who clamor for war because they see in it promising opportunities for enriching themselves at the expense of the public; politicians who think that an exhibition of warlike patriotism will further their interests; and journals eager to inflame warlike excitement for the purpose of spreading their circulation. There are also a few persons in the United States who would annex to this republic Cuba, or any other island in any quarter of the globe. But it may with perfect assurance be affirmed that all these classes combined form only a very small minority of the American people, and that an overwhelming majority of them are inspired by motives absolutely generous and unselfish. Their sympathy has been warmed by the spectacle of the Cubans fighting for independence and liberty. Their indignation has been aroused by the atrocities of the **Weyler** régime and by the destruction of the *Maine;* and all they wish to do is to aid the struggling, to succor the suffering, and to put down the power of the oppressor. It is not too much to say that if the government of the United States manifested any design to annex Cuba as a result of the conflict, such a declaration would very seriously chill the popular feeling for the "liberation" of that island. How completely foreign to that feeling any motive of self-interest must be will at once be understood when we soberly consider the question, who will profit and who will lose by that war for Cuban independence?

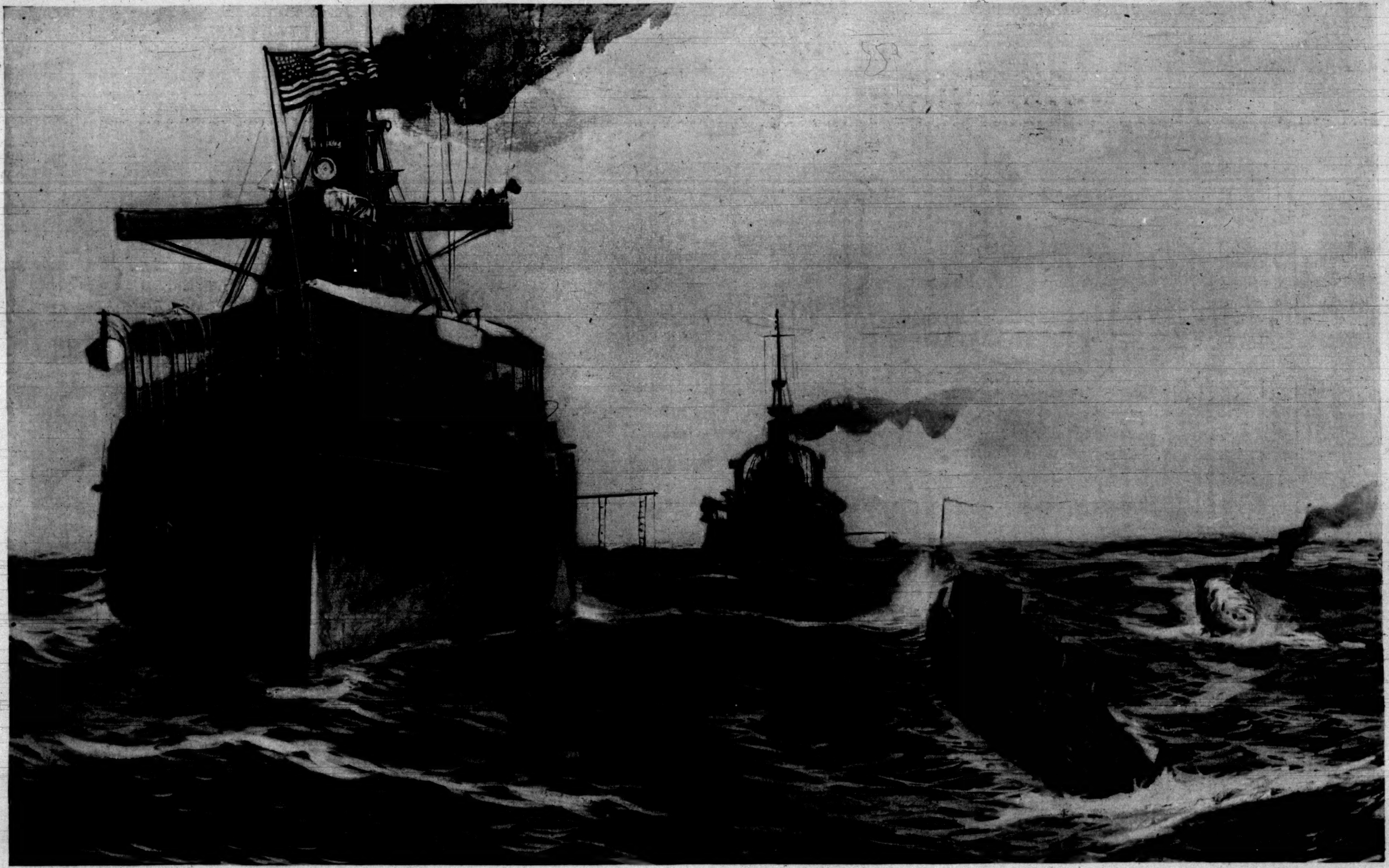
It may seem paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the most certain gainer will be Spain herself, because she will lose Cuba. What is Cuba to her? Years ago the colony was a source of revenue, a valuable financial asset. But it has long ceased to be that. It is now an utterly ruined province, wasted and desolate. Instead of yielding revenue, it causes incalculable expense. For years past it has cost Spain annually millions upon millions of money. It has cost, moreover, a hundred thousand soldiers. As one of our contemporaries recently expressed it, "Spanish mothers know of Cuba as a place to which their conscript children go, and from which they do not return." Nor is there the slightest prospect that to Spain the colony of Cuba will ever become a valuable asset again. Even under the most favorable circumstances it would require years to lift Cuba from her present desolation into a moderate state of prosperity. And it is vain to hope that if, under Spanish rule, another attempt were ever tried to make Cuba again a source of large revenue to the mother-country, it could possibly succeed. For a long period Cuba has been the theatre of chronic insurrection and turmoil, and there is not the least doubt that so long as Spain seeks to draw any income worth counting from Cuba, it will remain so. This is probably well understood by sensible statesmen in Spain, who would be glad to get rid of the incubus if they only could "let go" without irritating the national pride to their own disadvantage. To lose Cuba in consequence of a war with the United States, which would spare that national pride, would actually mean to Spain a "good riddance." Neither would it involve any loss of prestige, for Cuba has long ceased to be an element of prestige to Spain, having rather brought disgrace upon her. And to be defeated in a war by the immensely superior resources of this republic is a thing which Spain will never have to be ashamed of. Thus, in losing Cuba, Spain will lose nothing of real value, but gain much, by being delivered, in a manner saving her national pride, of a dreadfully burdensome incumbrance.

The next beneficiary of that war will be Cuba. How much Cuba will be benefited by its results will depend upon the ability of the Cubans, when set free, to maintain an independent, stable, and orderly government, or to find a paternal power or person that will maintain such a government among and for them. While we may not be very sanguine in this respect, it is reasonable to assume that the Cubans will at least no longer be exposed to any dictatorships like that of **Weyler**, and their government, good or bad, will, at any rate, be their own.

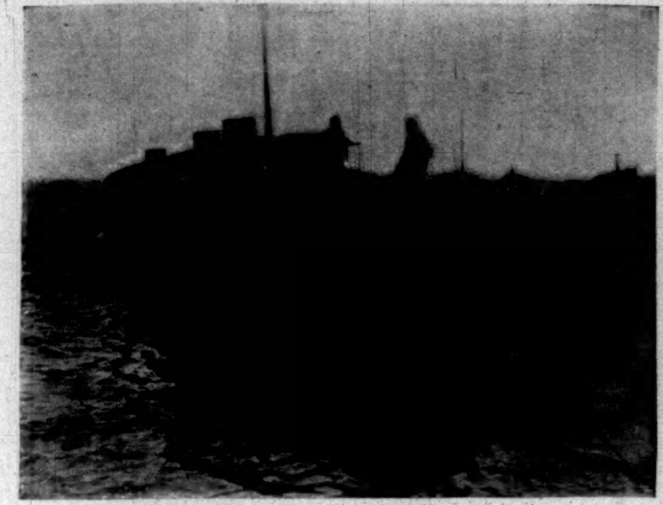
What, then, are the advantages the American people may expect to derive from this war with Spain? If they were really instigated by anything like a selfish impulse, they would, of course, carefully calculate beforehand whether the possible profit would be in proportion to the certain sacrifice to be made for it. Of this sacrifice the blood item cannot be easily computed in advance. Even if our sea power is greatly superior to that of Spain, we cannot hope to disable the Spanish fleet without the loss of many lives. And we cannot put a land force on the soil of Cuba to drive out the Spaniards and to establish an independent and a "stable" government there, without dooming many more young Americans to die, not only on the battle-field, but, worse than that, in the hospitals of that unwholesome country. American mothers, too, may know Cuba as the place to which their valiant sons go, never to return. As to the money item of the sacrifice, we have already made a beginning. The grant by Congress of the $50,000,000 for war preparations is, no doubt, wellnigh exhausted. A war loan is now contemplated of $500,000,000, and war taxes on bank checks, tea, coffee, beer, and tobacco are expected to yield about $100,000,000 annually. But as the war may last longer than we now anticipate, and as our ways of making war are rather expensive, the present figures fixed for loans and taxes may soon be found sadly inadequate. This, however, is not all. The pension roll will be largely increased, and thus an additional load be put upon the people, to burden them for generations. Furthermore, the loss we suffer through the business disturbances, and the interruption of the revival of prosperity, and the retardation of the necessary monetary reform, which are caused by the war and its uncertainties, can hardly be estimated. Nor should it be overlooked that inasmuch as Spain, through her cruisers and privateers, may sweep our commercial flag from the seas, partly by actual capture or destruction, partly by means of greatly increased rates of insurance, we substantially make a present of the larger part of our carrying trade on the ocean to other maritime nations, such as Great Britain, Germany, Norway, and others.

But even here the list of our probable sacrifices is not closed. For, in what moral and financial responsibilities, in what political complications, in what international embroilments, a war undertaken to give Cuba independence and a "stable government" will involve us, nobody can foresee. Historic experience as to the establishment and maintenance of stable republican governments in tropical regions is certainly most discouraging; and if we undertake the task, we may, after much sore tribulation, find ourselves exposed to very costly disappointments.

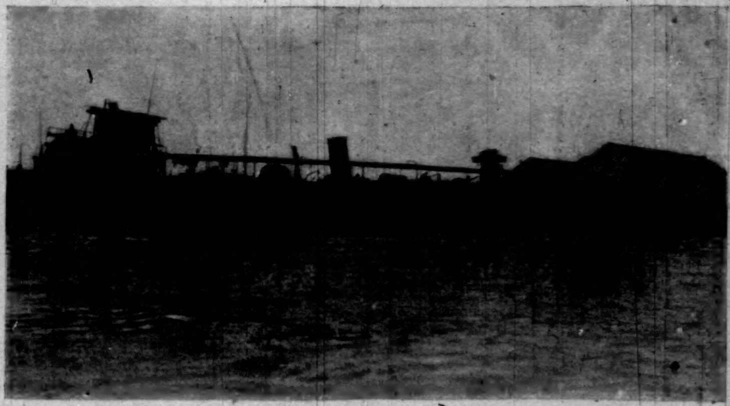
What, then, may we expect to gain as a compensation for our sacrifices and risks? Certainly not glory; for there is no glory to a robust young giant in kicking a poor old cripple. The annexation of Cuba must be considered out of the question, for, as the President said in his message, it would, "by our code of morality, be criminal aggression." Nor could it be called an advantage, for it would be like the annexation of a house infected with an inexterminable contagious disease. The only business benefit we could realize would be the restoration of our trade with Cuba. But that trade would necessarily be limited, and if its net annual profits became as large as ever before, they would not amount to as much as the increase of our pension roll and of the army and navy budget in consequence of the war, not to speak of the cost in blood and treasure of the war itself. Thus all our real compensation for our sacrifices and risks in that war will consist in our moral consciousness of having delivered Cuba of Spanish misrule, of having given the Cubans an opportunity for showing how fit they are for free institutions. Now, in view of all this, the world may indeed say that we would have been much wiser had we patiently tried to secure to the Cubans the best possible government, and an honorable adjustment of the *Maine* affair, without a war. But it can certainly not be said that we have made that war from any selfish motive, or even with a careful consideration of our own welfare. There can be no clearer case of self-sacrifice.


U. S. Armored Cruiser "New York."
U. S. Battle-Ship "Indiana."
U. S. Torpedo-Boat "Cushing."

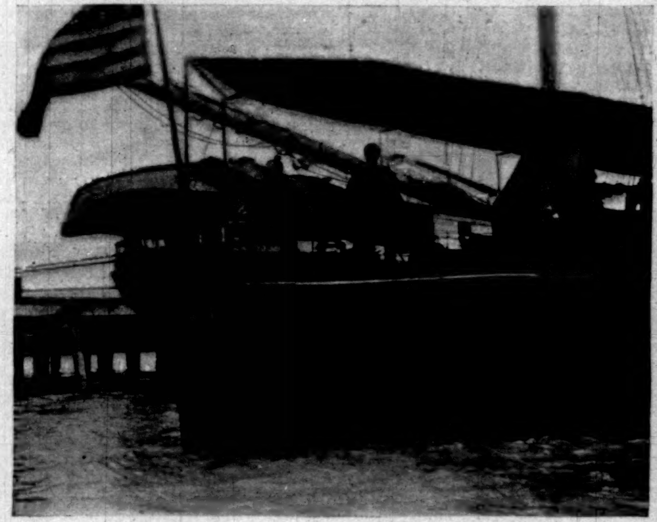
WITH OUR FLEET AT KEY WEST—TORPEDO-BOAT "CUSHING" CARRYING DESPATCHES TO THE FLAG-SHIP.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."
The "New York," "Indiana," and "Iowa" are lying ten Miles out in the Gulf, where the Sea runs high in the strong Trade-Wind.



U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "DUPONT."

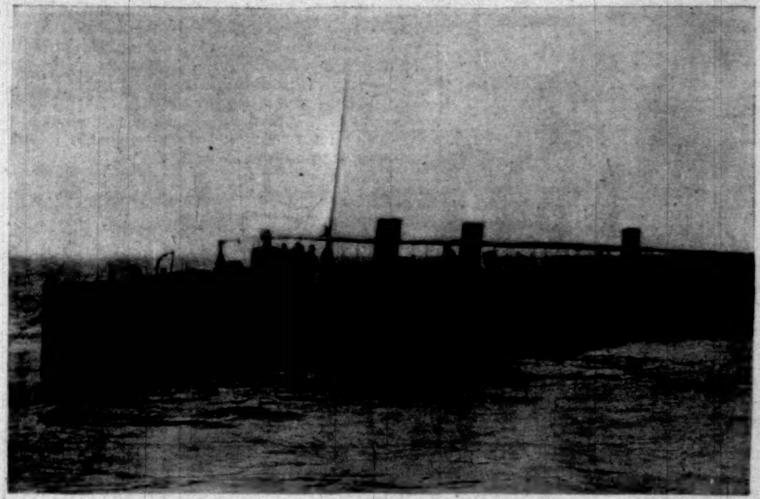


U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "FOOTE."

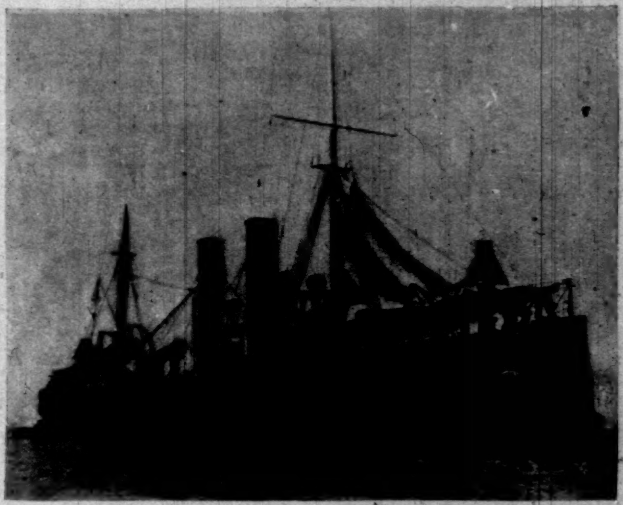


STERN TORPEDO ON THE "PORTER" READY FOR ACTION.

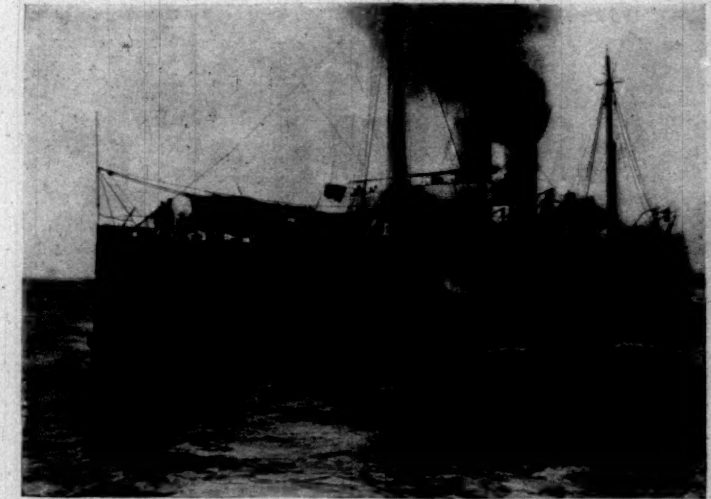
GENERAL VIEW OF HARBOR.
Torpedo-Boats "Porter," "Cushing," and "Winslow" at the Dock; Monitor "Terror" and Gunboats "Nashville" and "Helena" at Anchor.



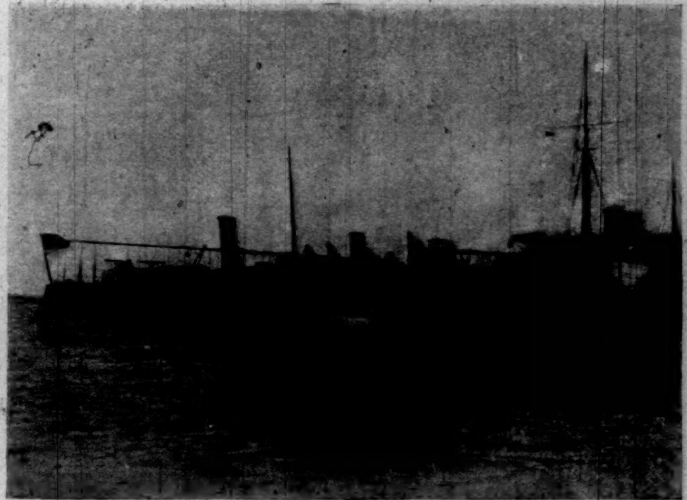
U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "PORTER."



U. S. CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD."

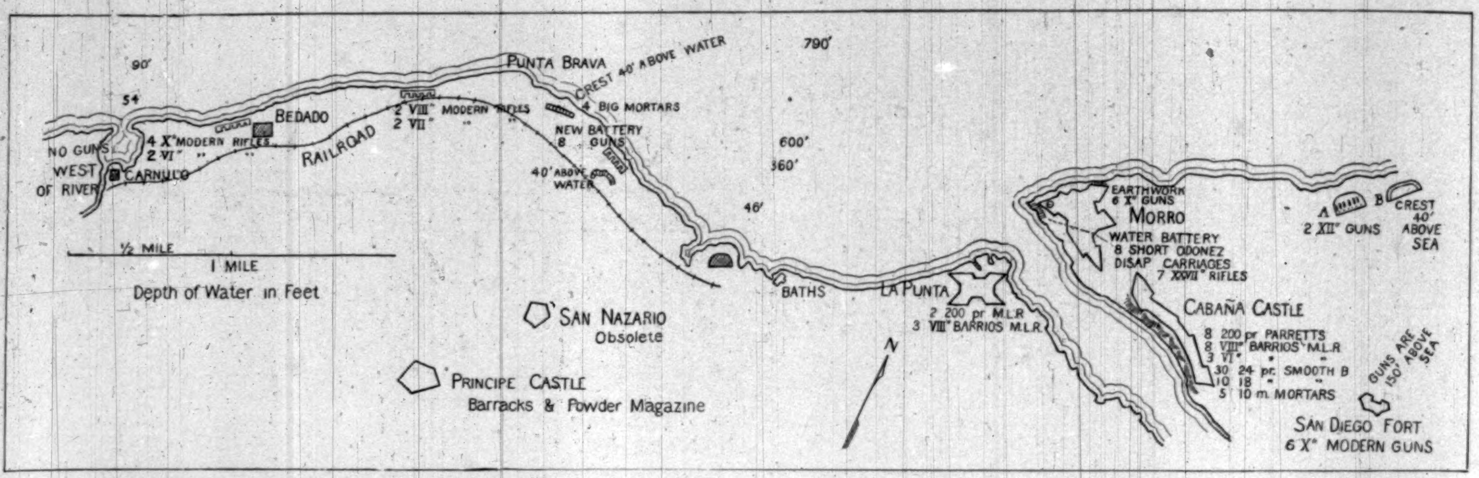


U. S. CRUISER "CINCINNATI" LEAVING DOCK FOR PICKET DUTY.



TORPEDO-BOATS "PORTER," "CUSHING," AND "WINSLOW" WAITING ORDERS.

WITH OUR FLEET AT KEY WEST.—VIEWS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



THE DEFENCES OF HAVANA.—FROM THE OFFICIAL CHART ISSUED TO THE VESSELS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE Lowell Memorial Fund continues to grow at the rate of about a thousand dollars a week. The total amount reported on April 10 was $28,610, which left $7390 still to be raised. The lists of subscribers published from week to week in the Boston papers contain from thirty to fifty names, and include some second subscriptions, indicating that though the movement has not stirred a very widespread popular response, the support it has is ardent and determined. It seems no longer doubtful that the project will be carried out.

Mr. Lehmann, Harvard's British coach, is back from England, and at work again on the meandering Charles, oblivious apparently to the possibility of war, and the chance that his trained men may tumble out of their shells and into gunboats. During the civil war, from 1860 to 1864, there were no Yale-Harvard races. There is no present reason to apprehend a suspension of them this year, for our big universities are able nowadays to do many things at once, and doubtless have able-bodied men enough to man their own navies after furnishing their quota, and more, to Uncle Sam's. But we shall see what we shall see. At this writing a high degree of martial ardor is reported from our various seats of learning. A despatch from Cambridge, dated April 8, told of 400 Harvard students at drill in the gymnasium, and recorded a degree of military enthusiasm that has had no parallel since 1861. Corresponding reports come from other colleges. Yale is stirred, and the faculty there was credited some time since with an intention to issue degrees ahead of time to Seniors who left college to perform military service. Such action is customary in colleges in time of war.

The crews of the war-ships which have been lying at Key West and Hampton Roads are proper objects of the sympathy of their countrymen. They have been kept, unavoidably, on a continuous strain since the sinking of the *Maine*. It is like keeping a pack of hounds in leash after their noses have caught the scent, and when the trail is before them. No wonder the men have been restless. It is not in human nature any more than in canine nature to halt on the beginning of a trail when the energies are still fresh and the blood has been heated to the hunting-point.

April 12, the day that General Fitzhugh Lee passed through Richmond on his way to Washington, seems to have been the liveliest and most emotional day the town has seen in thirty years. The emotion was condensed into the few moments in which the train halted, but it was deeply felt and vigorously expressed, and must have done the Richmond folks a lot of good. One does not need to be a Jingo to have his blood stirred somewhat by the brief recital which the newspapers gave of that reception. It is comforting to remember that if present complications prove not to be adjustable except by explosives, we shall not suffer the evils of that method of arrangement without such compensations as will come from having men of many minds brought near to one another by zeal for the accomplishment of a common purpose.

A Rochester newspaper tells of a spring development which is of more than local interest. A Rochester man, Mr. Little, has a rustic table, newly made of willow and poplar branches, which stood bronzed and varnished in his house. But the wood in it was cut in winter, and when the spring came the sap in those branches woke up, and the branches began to grow knobby, and presently threw out a lot of green leaves, which plainly appear in the picture which the newspaper gives. That is the sort of determined and persevering wood that would seem to be adapted to the uses of the Tree-Planting Association of New York. Cuttings which when bent, varnished, and brought into the house still persist in carrying out the intentions of nature might thrive even in holes in the sidewalk along the streets of New York. The Rochester nursery-men, who are quick to recognize special merit in vegetation, will do well to cultivate cuttings of this sort and list them in their next year's catalogues.

Mr. Thomas Sargeant Perry, of Boston, more recently of Paris, is going to Japan for three years to be Professor of English Literature in the College Keiogijuku at Tokio. Mr. Perry, who is a grandson of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, is one of the most learned and accomplished of modern Americans, and has been called "the best-read man in America." He has been at various times an instructor in German, in English, and in Sanscrit at Harvard, and a lecturer in English literature. For a time he edited the *North American Review*, while it still clung to Boston, and he was long the critic of foreign books for the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a literary reviewer for the *Nation*. A knowledge of Japanese literature, attested by several published discourses, is part of his equipment. Recently he has lectured in Boston on Greek literature, and it was expected that he would lecture next winter in the Lowell Institute course. Japan is lucky in getting a three years' lease of the powers of a gentleman of such exceptional equipment.

If only there were a few of Jan Szczepanik's telelectroscopes working between Cuba and New York, what superlatively interesting pictures we might see! The abilities of this machine (which is to be exhibited at the World's Fair in Paris) are such that one might sit in a room in New York and see instantaneous pictures of what might happen to be going on in Havana Harbor. These pictures would be shimmering affairs like the vitascope pictures, except that they would reproduce the objects seen in something like their natural colors. How it is done is too long and intricate a story to tell here, but the drift of it is that the view is caught by a combination of mirrors, which resolve it into its elements of light, shade, and color, which are transmitted by electricity, and combined into a moving picture again at the point where they are received.

When we get so that we can draw easy breaths again, we shall be interested to learn of the recent completion of the Congo River Railway, which runs for 250 miles around the thirty-two cataracts which separate the ninety miles of navigation on the lower Congo from 8000 miles of navigable waters in the great interior beyond. The cataracts were the great obstacle to the development of the upper Congo country. Mr. Stanley was a powerful advocate of the railway around them as an indispensable preliminary to the opening of the great Congo basin to civilization. The Belgian government has been the most important backer of the railroad, the construction of which, now completed, has been accomplished in the face of great natural obstacles. It makes a journey into inner Africa a comparatively simple thing.

The President's message seems to contain just what the reader chooses to find in it. Some of the congratulatory telegrams which it called out have been published, and make interesting reading. Henry R. Reed, of Boston, likes it because it is "temperate yet firm"; Abram S. Hewitt finds it "unanswerable, unassailable, and a guarantee of peace"; President Schurman of Cornell welcomes it as "a splendid embodiment of the brightest ideals of the republic"; Sherman S. Rogers, of Buffalo, finds in it an occasion to say to the President that the country, while it earnestly desires peace, will stand by him, whether the issue is peace or war; to the mind of Wager Swayne it "truly represents a Christian and peace-loving country"; and Bishop Newman finds it "superb, severe in rebuke, patriotic in dignity, humane and Christian in sentiment." It is hard to conceive how a single document on a single subject could come nearer being all things to all men than that.

LITERATURE for March 26 (New York date April 6) brings with it the first "American Letter" by Mr. Henry James, in which he considers in meditative periods the prospects and possibilities of the American literature of the future. He takes thought of our enormous army of readers—*monstrum horrendum ingens*, though he does not call it that—and although the size of it by no means carries him off his mental legs, he does find in it opportunities, and feels that "it is impossible not to entertain with patience and curiosity the presumption that life so colossal must break into expression at points of proportionate frequency." One passage in his letter demands to be transferred where the readers of this page of the WEEKLY will be sure to see it. He wants to see a more adequate treatment in the American novel of "the typical American figure, the 'business man,'" as to whom he says:

> He is often an obscure, but not less often an epic, hero, seamed all over with the wounds of the market and the dangers of the field, launched into action and passion by the immensity and complexity of the general struggle, a boundless ferocity of battle—driven above all by the extraordinary, the unique relation in which he for the most part stands to the life of his lawful, his immitigable womankind, the wives and daughters who float, who splash on the surface and ride the waves, his terrific link with civilization, his social substitutes and representatives, while, like a diver for shipwrecked treasure, he gasps in the depths and breathes through an air-tube.

Any reader who, a prey to dumb forgetfulness or other causes of misapprehension, has allowed himself to doubt that Mr. James, once his steam is up, can say things, is

DUVAL STREET, PRINCIPAL STREET OF KEY WEST.

TYPICAL VIEW IN KEY WEST.

invited to find the evidence of his mistake in the passage quoted. Any reader who wonders that Mr. James, who elects to live in England, should find American literature a congenial and convenient topic for observation and discourse, is invited to regard an explanation offered by Mr. G. W. Smalley, who points out, in the New York *Herald*, that the American in London sees probably a greater variety of Americans than if he lived in New York, and has his Americanism strengthened by being constantly called upon to explain and defend true American ideas. "The true magnitude of Mont Blanc," says Mr. Smalley, "is only seen from a distance. The true glory of America is visible from across the Atlantic more clearly than in the slums of New York."

RAPID TRANSIT AT KEY WEST.

The evidences of a new growth of sympathy and friendliness between the Americans and the British keep cropping out in the newspapers, and are as pleasant as they are novel. They take the form of little tokens of good will, like salutes to the Flying Squadron at Fort Monroe by passing British merchantmen, and like the incident reported in a story which comes by way of Vancouver, B.C., of a ruction in the streets of Hongkong, where American and British sailors joined to play a sort of football game, without any football, against a combination of man-of-war's men of other nations. But the most conspicuous and important sign of more cordial relations appears in the comments of the English papers. One important reason for British sympathy with our attitude towards Cuba doubtless is that British newspapers—the *Times* for one—have had correspondents in Cuba, who have reported what they have seen, so that British readers have been able to judge from their own sources of information whether Cuba needs attention from the outside or not.

A large crop of peace poetry, some of it meritorious and timely, has been coming to market for the last fortnight, and finds response in the hearts of plenty of readers.

> "Let me be blessed for the peace I make!"
> God grant that old Shakespearian praise may glow,
> McKinley, on thy brows....

cries Katharine Lee Bates, in the Boston *Transcript*, and another poet in the same paper prays:

> Thou, who our sires' prayers answered, answer ours,
> And give us Peace! Jehovah! give Thou Peace!

To the same intent is Bishop Satterlee's prayer for peace, to be used in the Episcopal churches of the diocese of Washington. "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" is the burden of it, while its collect looks beyond the needs of the moment and asks that our government may be so guided "that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations."

These prayers find earnest response, and yet the air that runs through the subdued and solemn accompaniment which the national orchestra is playing to them is no other than our old familiar "Johnny, Get Your Gun." The soberest and most conscientious and representative spirit in the country wants peace in and all about this continent, and it expects to have it presently.

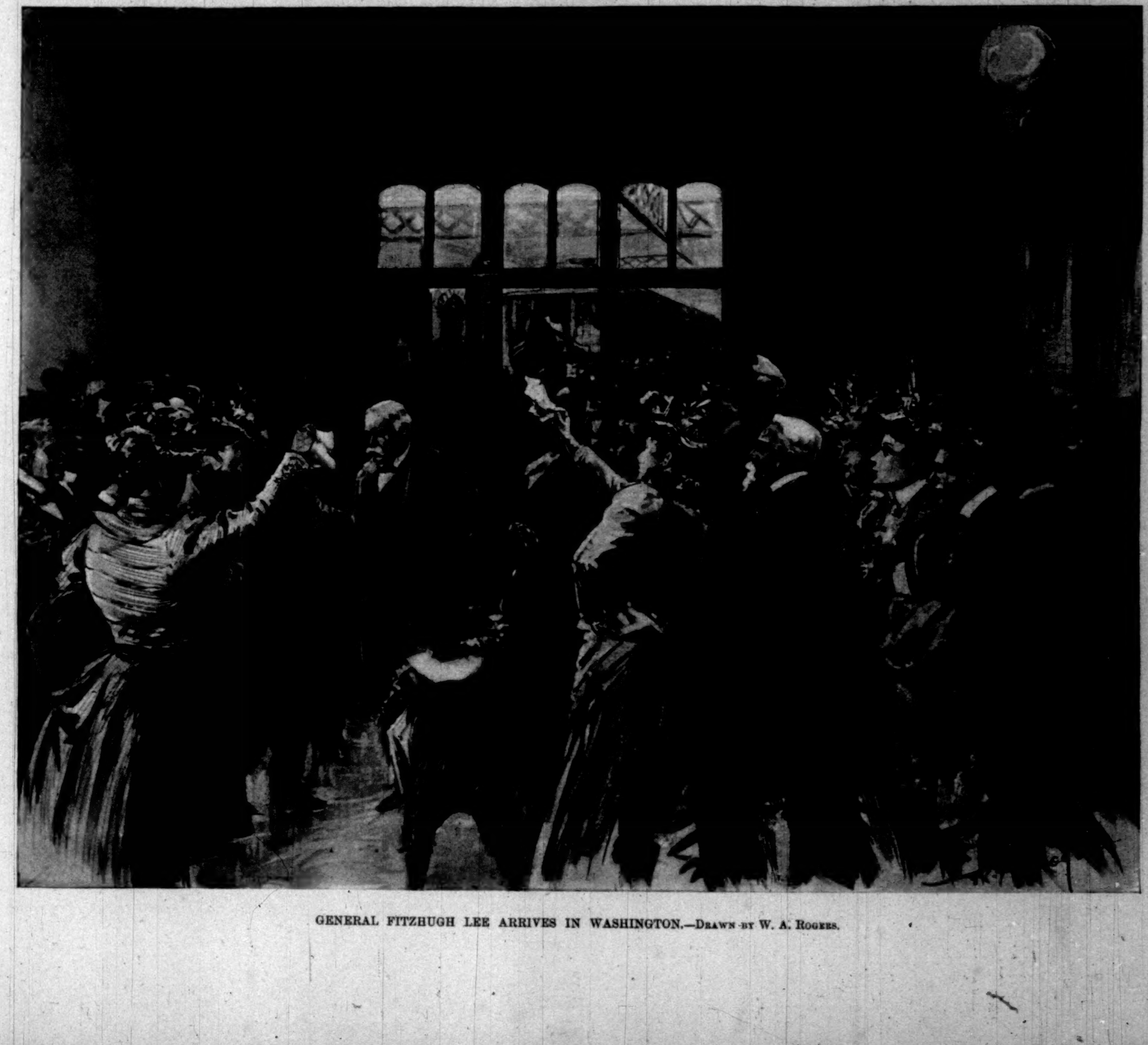
It is rather uphill work just now to promote any very widespread dissatisfaction with Consul-General Lee, but a contemporary journal attempted it last week, with grievous words about his indiscretion, his "complacent acceptance of brainless and self-advertising laudation," and his "reckless fanning of the war flame" by "incendiary speeches." It is not the general opinion, even among persons who are most anxious that peace should be preserved, that General Lee has laid himself open to criticisms so severe as these. The only effective way to prevent any American who has been in Cuba from "fanning the war flame" when he gets home seems to be to bring him home in a box, and even that method is not always effectual. All things considered, General Lee seems to have said very little except to persons officially authorized to hear. He came north on the fastest train obtainable, made the fewest possible stops, and even at Richmond, where words were almost put in his mouth, he was exceedingly chary of uttering them. It is true, though, that he has neglected to say some things which might have qualified the martial ardor of his admirers. If he could have assured his friends at Richmond that General Weyler was really a humane gentleman, but sadly misunderstood, the effect might have been pacificatory, but the chance for that, alas! was lost. The New York *Times* has said the next most pacific thing about Weyler in pointing out that he is "not a typical but a conventional Spaniard, no more like his average fellow-countrymen than the acanthus leaf on a pillar is like a leaf that grows." It is somehow the misfortune of Spain that the conventional Spaniard, like the conventional acanthus leaf, manages to get into the most conspicuous places, while the typical growth unfolds and withers unremarked.

While we have all for two months past been living on from day to day, our militiamen have taken even shorter breaths and shorter views than the rest of us, and have lived from hour to hour and from minute to minute. Only persons who have come in contact with members of the National Guard can realize in what a state of expectation they have been kept. Traces of it come to notice incidentally. A gentleman says: "Smith, who was to have dined with us on Tuesday, cannot come. He is a —th Regiment man, and is under orders to be within immediate call." When you meet a man on Fifth Avenue and ask him (as the present writer did) if he has enlisted yet, and he answers, "I am colonel of the —th Regiment," his preoccupied demeanor brings it home to you that there is something out of common in the wind. The double-page picture in this number of the WEEKLY, of an inspection of the Seventh Regiment in its armory, illustrates the sort of exercise that all the militiamen are getting. And besides the regiments already organized and equipped, companies of volunteers are forming and drilling all over the country.

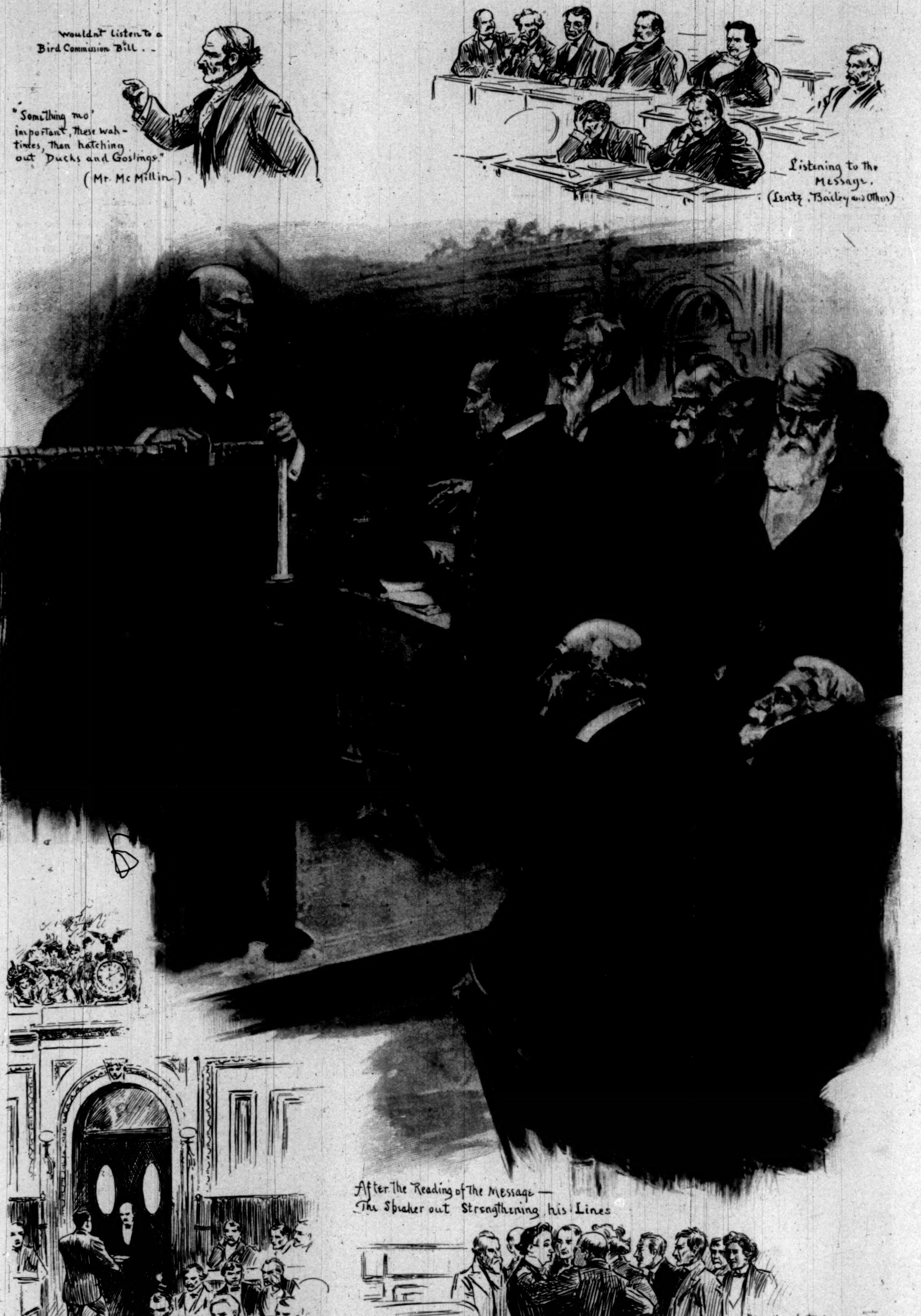
Princeton University, lying back a safe and convenient distance from the coast of New Jersey, and being further protected by the presence of Mr. Grover Cleveland, whom the present administration is in courtesy especially bound to safeguard and defend, is not likely to be blown off the earth by Spanish shells or burned out by Spanish invaders, and may therefore reasonably hope to profit by its recent gift of $100,000 from Mr. Henry S. Little, of Trenton, New Jersey. The money is to be spent for a new dormitory, like the new Blair dormitory now being finished.

Mr. Little is described as a Princeton graduate of the class of '44, a bachelor of large fortune, seventy-three years old, an active Democrat, and a very ardent sportsman. It is related that two years ago he was caught in the crush at a Yale-Princeton baseball match and badly hurt, but since then, as before, he has been invariably present at Princeton games.

E. S. MARTIN.



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE ARRIVES IN WASHINGTON.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.


Wouldn't Listen to a Bird Commission Bill. -
"Something mo' important, these wah-times, than hatching out Ducks and Goslings."
(Mr. McMillin)
Listening to the Message.
(Lentz, Bailey and Others)
After the Reading of the Message — The Speaker out Strengthening his Lines
"Well what do you think of it?"
"A Message from the President of the United States."

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

APOLIMA—ONE OF THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.—THE NATURAL FORTRESS TO WHICH MATA'AFA WAS FLEEING WHEN CAPTURED.

MATA'AFA IN EXILE.

NINE years ago Mata'afa helped the United States in one of its small hours of bitterest need.

Now, in the lapse of troubled years, Mata'afa, no longer a king, in hours whose bitter need weighs down his soul, begs the United States to give him help. When he helped our perishing sailors struggling in the deadly seas at Apia on that fateful March 16, 1889, he did not stop to calculate that by his humanity he was throwing away the certainty of victory which should crown his ambition and confirm him on the throne of Samoa, to which he had been chosen by his race. Now that he is wearing out his declining years in lonely exile, cooped on Jaluit, a dismal speck of sand under the equator, and when he begs the United States to help him, he is far too proud to tell of what he and his have done to warrant the extension of such assistance.

Mata'afa, whose Christian name is Josefa, and who has held all the royal titles which Samoa can confer, is the head of that family which Samoan tradition deduces from the great gods of old; the family which gave Samoa its kings before the Malietoa family even had a name—and that is not an affair of yesterday, for the Malietoas number nine-and-twenty generations. He has been the king of Samoa with the unanimous voice of Samoa in his favor, and took the office in obedience to the earnest pleading of his rival, Malietoa Laupepa. When the three great powers undertook to bring peace to vexed Samoa, and ordained that Malietoa should be the king, even though it was against his will and also against the Samoan will, Mata'afa hastened to obey the confounding order of the United States, Great Britain, and Germany. Malietoa became the king by order of the consuls, and his first exercise of such sovereignty as he could wield under the Berlin Treaty was to insist upon Mata'afa sharing his power as vice-king. Such an arrangement carries failure in its essence. Dissensions were fomented between king and vice-king; self-seeking white men encouraged the native Samoan talent for double dealing; Malietoa and Mata'afa were forced apart, and Mata'afa was thrust out into rebellion.

Remember that this person had been king by the unanimous choice of all Samoa. Remember that he was of the blood royal whose deeds were the theme of every tradition of every age of Samoa, back through all the generations, to the time when the great god Tangaloa sat alone in heaven and created the earth out of coral slabs, and created, first of mortal men, the Tupua family to rule mankind—and Mata'afa is the head of the Tupuas.

MATA'AFA, THE EXILED KING OF SAMOA, AND HIS SUITE.

Remember that all the interests which find gain in disorder were slyly put to work to produce the rebellion.

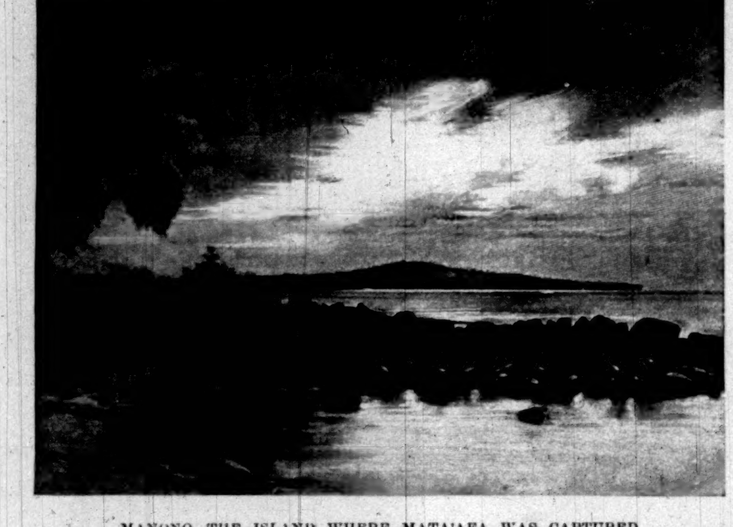
It was shortly settled—one battle did it. Defeated in the affray at Malie, Mata'afa escaped to the island of Manono, intending to seek refuge in the almost impregnable fortress which the might of nature made of the islet of Apolima when it let the sea into a living volcano and blew out one side of the crater, where a narrow and tortuous pass in quiet weather affords the only chance by which man may set foot upon the land. The war-vessels of Great Britain and Germany appeared in hostile force before Manono, and Mata'afa, with his chiefs and tribesmen, surrendered. In punishment for this rebellion, Mata'afa and ten chiefs of his party were sentenced to exile. The government of the United States, through its Secretary of State, approved the sentence, and regularly pays its third share of the maintenance of the prisoners. Mata'afa was taken first to Fakaofo, in the Tokelau group, a British protectorate, and later removed to Jaluit, in the German colony of the Marshall Islands. From the middle of 1893 to the present day the chiefs have borne the torment of exile.

Exile is indeed a torment to the islander of the South Seas. Listen to the old songs of the Maori and the Hawaiian, of the man of the Marquesas and Tahiti; their one and only theme is the memory of the dear lands from which they came many generations ago, that westward land which bears the name of Savaiki, Hawaiki, Hawaii, and which now may be proved to be Savaii of the Samoans. Alone of all Polynesians, the Samoans have no ancestral tales of dear lands left behind and long adventurous voyages across the wild Pacific. Hard as banishment from his own land is to any Polynesian, it is hardest of all to the Samoan, who has no consolation in the thought of the exile of his race. This in itself would serve to make banishment the worst of punishments to Mata'afa. But there are other considerations. Jaluit is no such fair land as Samoa. It has no mountains rising forest-clad from the verge of the sea; there are no deep bays and sparkling cascades. Sand alone it is, a flat patch of glistening sand thrown up by the sea. There the cocoanut does not grow, that marvel of trees, which can supply in itself every need of the Samoan life. The baked sand will not produce the taro, which is the staff of Samoan life. Dull monotony instead of scenic grandeur, strange foods as unpalatable as they are new, small wonder the little band of exiles is slowly but surely fading under the weight of broken hearts.

For four years Malietoa was content to leave his generous rival in exile. The three great powers forgot that a king, the son of kings, was suffering in his banishment. The kin of Mata'afa feared to ask any mitigation of the heavy punishment of their chief; but last year Samoan hearts were moved with a spontaneous wave of petition for the exiles.

Word was brought down that one of the little band had died in distant Jaluit. To live in exile is bad, but to die away from friends is a thing every Samoan shudders to contemplate. Death is a ceremony in Samoa; it has its rigid etiquette, not one point of which may be omitted. Yet he who dies away from home cannot properly die. He cannot make the long speeches with which he should set forth his dying wishes. For him there can be baked no funeral feast; no songs can be sung in his honor; no games bring his family forward as the envy of all the beholders. He dies in Samoan eyes the death of a dog.

The word came down that Mulipola, of Mata'afa's party of exiles, had thus died, and he was a high chief. At once every thought of party and faction in the tiny kingdom was swallowed up in the sense of the deep disgrace that the unhonored death of the chief had brought upon all Samoa. To every Samoan mind there sprang the thought that it might have been Mata'afa; that if he did not soon return, the great chief himself would be claimed by the same death which disgraces. It was felt that Samoa would be forever disgraced if Mata'afa died the unhonored death. This is a real feeling with Pacific islanders: the Hawaiian knows his land doomed by the death abroad of two of its kings. At once the return of Ma-



MANONO, THE ISLAND WHERE MATA'AFA WAS CAPTURED.

ta'afa became the universal demand of all parties in the Samoan state. Malietoa Laupepa told the consuls that he should be forever dishonored if his great rival should die in distant Jaluit. Two-thirds of the rebels gave in their submission to Malietoa in order that they might be in a position to ask the return of Mata'afa. The government of Samoa has formally asked of the three great powers the restoration of all the exiles.

Dissolved in tears, the son of Mata'afa and the family of Mata'afa and his holy land beg that their father and their chief may be brought back to them to end his broken days. They promise that never again will they spur him to ambitious purposes, content that he shall live but as the chief of his own town, the father of his own people. That is the wish of all Samoa.

The United States, Great Britain, and Germany have the granting of this request. Germany is believed to be willing; the United States has always taken the stand that the exile should not be interminable, and is now willing to agree to the return if the other powers so decide. Great Britain alone remains to be heard from; but there is reason to believe that British foreign policy will prove now, as ever, averse to letting go of any person or place on which it has once seized.

William Churchill.

POLITICS AT OTTAWA.

Within the last twelve months Canada has awakened to the fact that there is a Senate at Ottawa, and the outstanding feature of the present session of the Dominion Parliament, as of the session of 1897, is the dominant position occupied by the Conservative and opposition majority in the Senate. At the general election in 1896 the Liberals secured a majority in the House of Commons. When the Laurier administration was formed, the majority was about twenty-five. At the by-elections since 1896 it has mounted upwards, until now the government is supported in the Lower House by a majority of forty.

In the Senate the situation is entirely different. Senators are appointed by the party in power. Prior to 1896 the Conservatives had been in power for eighteen years, and during the long régime of the late Sir John Macdonald, and of the four Conservative Premiers who succeeded him, none but Conservatives were appointed to the Senate. Consequently when Sir Wilfrid Laurier met Parliament as Premier in the autumn of 1896 he was confronted with a Senate in which, out of seventy-eight members, not more than twelve were adherents of the Liberal party. All the vacancies which have occurred since August, 1896, have been filled by the appointment of Liberals. But Senators hold office for life; they never retire; and after being in office for nearly two years, the Laurier government has not been able to bring up its numerical strength in the Senate to twenty. The Senate possesses similar powers to those of the House of Lords. It can reject a money bill, but neither amend nor originate one. In all other legislative matters its powers are equal with those of the House of Commons.

Only on extremely rare occasions in the period from 1878 to 1896 did the Senate oppose any of the Conservative governments. In those days a bill which had originated with the cabinet, and had been approved by the House of Commons, was certain to pass the Senate. It so regularly accepted every measure that people ceased to take any interest in its proceedings, and for years it was neglected by the press. The newspaper references to the Senate were confined to proposals for its abolition. These proposals for reform or abolition had the support of the Liberals when they were in opposition; and Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into office on a programme, drawn up at the Ottawa Liberal Convention of 1893, in which a reform of the Senate was one of the foremost demands.

No legislation with which the Senate could interfere was submitted to Parliament by the Laurier government until 1897. Then the Senate asserted itself, and threw out three bills which had passed the House of Commons. The most important was a government measure for extending the Intercolonial Railway from Levis to Montreal.

The Intercolonial is a government-owned railway. It begins at St. John, in New Brunswick, and connects that city with Halifax and Quebec. The line was built as a condition of confederation, in order to connect the maritime provinces with those of Quebec and Ontario. It cost over $55,000,000, and so far has never earned even its working expenses. When the Laurier government came into power it was conceived that the line might be made to pay at least working expenses if it were continued from Levis to Montreal, and the bill which was rejected by the Senate provided for ninety-nine-year leases with the Drummond County and the Grand Trunk railway companies, whose lines were to be used in reaching Montreal.

The Senate took the ground that the bargains with the two railway companies were improvident, and it was insisted, in connection with the Drummond County bargain, that that line was being taken over by the government chiefly in order that the Liberals in the province of Quebec might unburden themselves of campaign debts incurred in 1896. The partisan Liberal newspapers denounced the Senate for its interference. On the other hand, independent newspapers indorsed the action of the Senate, and there is now no doubt that public opinion was on its side, and that by its action on the Intercolonial the Senate did much to demonstrate the utility of a second chamber in the Dominion Parliament. Evidence forthcoming in the session of 1898 has shown that the rejection of the bill will save a million dollars to the Dominion Treasury if the complete plan of extending the Intercolonial is carried out according to the government's amended scheme.

The stand taken by the Senate in 1897 gave unusual interest to its proceedings in the present session. Railway measures occupied much attention last session, and the same is the case this session, at which the Dominion Parliament will have to sanction some scheme for establishing railway connection with the Canadian Yukon country.

One scheme has already been submitted to Parliament, and has failed in the Senate for the same reason that the Intercolonial scheme of 1897 came to grief. The plan put forward by the Laurier government was for a railway from Telegraph Creek on the Stickeen River to the head of Teslin Lake, from which place Dawson City can be reached in steamers by way of the Hootalinqua, the Lewes, and the Yukon rivers. Ten days before Parliament met, the Laurier government came to an agreement with Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann, well-known railway contractors and street-car magnates, to construct a line from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake. According to the plan, it was to be a narrow-gauge railway 150 miles long. The contractors, before approaching the Dominion government, had secured a subsidy of $325,000 from the province of British Columbia. They were to receive from the Ottawa government land grants at the rate of 25,000 acres for each mile of railway constructed. They were also to be allowed to charge special rates for passengers and freight for ten years, and a monopoly of railway communication between the Canadian Yukon country and the coast was given to them, as the Dominion government agreed not to give any aid to any railway having a terminus in the United States Territory of Alaska.

No bids were called for by the government for the construction of the railway. No preliminary correspon
passed between the government and the contractors.
contractors had been associated with the Dominion
ister of the Interior in a Manitoba railway underta
when the Minister of the Interior was of the Ma
provincial government, and apparently on his intr
tion the Laurier government made its bargain wit
contractors. Before Parliament met, the governme
nounced the Stickeen-Teslin line as an all-Canadian
and through its principal organ in the press it bla
the scheme forth after the fashion of a town-lot
The government evidently expected to obtain the im
ate sanction of Parliament to the scheme on the g
that it established an all-Canadian route, and on th
ther ground that the railway was urgently needed t
vent friction with the United States over the outf
and transport trade, and also as a means of gettin
plies into the Yukon country in time to prevent pani
disaster in the winter of 1898.

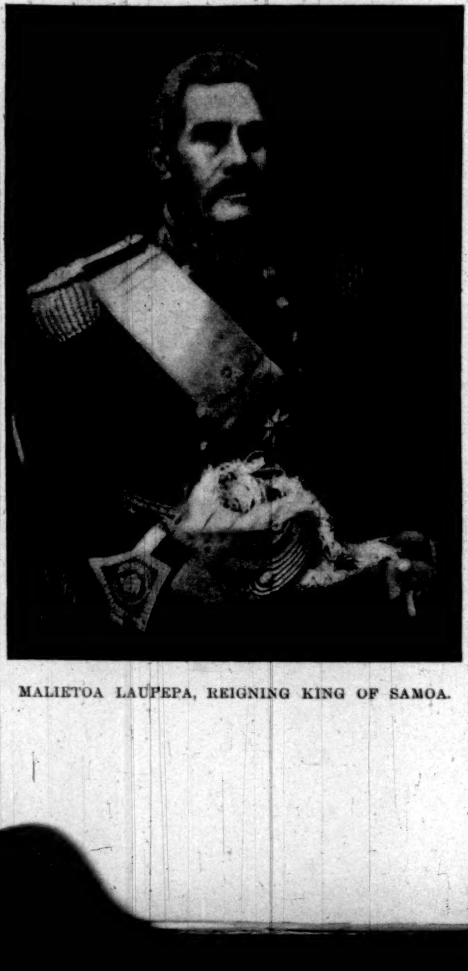
These arguments carried the bill through the Ho
Commons, but when it reached the Senate they h
weight. The government newspapers now insist th
bill was not dealt with on its merits; that the action
Senate was dictated solely by blind partisanship.
ever that may be, the Senators who opposed the bil
ultimately rejected it, soon discovered the obviously
parts in the government case, and in particular the
great stress on the enormous land grant. They cont
that a grant of nearly 4,000,000 acres of land in the
bearing country of the Yukon was an excessive co
sation for the construction of 150 miles of narrow-
railway. The only defence of the government t
part of the scheme was that the contractors would n
cept less—a singularly feeble defence in view of th
that an opportunity of undertaking the work was
to only one firm of contractors. Another argument
by the government was that the lands might not be
much, and that both for the government and the co
tors the land grant was very much of a gamble. The
fences were unavailing with the Senate majority. No
much more heed given to mysterious hints thrown o

ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF APOLIMA.

government speakers that if there were no railway
might be danger of something like a Jameson raid i
Yukon country which the Canadian government
not be able to quell. The bill went the way of the I
colonial bill of last session, and it is apparently no
regretted by the people of Canada than the break-
of the proposed ninety-nine-year leases with the D
mond County and the Grand Trunk railway compa
On the other hand, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the leader o
Senate majority, and the leaders of the opposition i
Lower House, emphatically claim that the Senate to
stands higher in the estimation of the people of Ca
than at any time in its history, and except in govern
newspapers there does not seem much disposition to
pute this claim.

One fact in connection with the Canadian Yukon
try has been made unmistakably plain by the go
ment's exposition of its railway policy and its insist
that it involved no subsidies from the Dominion Trea
The Yukon country is to be made self-sustaining.
not the intention of the Dominion government tha
cost of making it more accessible, or the cost of main
ing civil government there, shall throw any burden
the people of Canada. From free-miners' licenses,
customs duties, from the sale of liquor permits, from
sale of leases for dredging the rivers, from claim-reg
tion fees, and from mining royalties, it is expected tha
revenue obtained in the Yukon country will be suffic
to pay the heavy charges of maintaining an adequate
ber of police and military posts, and to meet the exp
of the administrator's office, and the cost of establis
civil and criminal courts at Dawson.

There has been some objection from the oppositio
the House of Commons to the ten-per-cent. gold-mi
royalty. It has been urged that the United States
not exact any royalty from miners, and that the costs
difficulties attending placer mining in the Canadian Yu
are so considerable that the miner to whom success co
is entitled to all the gold he finds. But the royalty
already been reduced from twenty per cent., at whic
was fixed in the early days of the mining excitemen
the summer of 1897, and it is not likely to be further
duced. As mining claims can be taken up by all co
without question as to nationality, the government h
that the overwhelming majority of the miners will
other than Canadians, and that it is only equitable
these new-comers to Canada should make some return
the opportunities offered them, and for the good order
good government which the Dominion government g



MALIETOA LAUPEPA, REIGNING KING OF SAMOA.

antees to them in the pursuit of fortune in the far-away gold-bearing regions of the Yukon territory.

While questions affecting the Yukon territory occupied the attention of Parliament, during the early weeks of the session, almost to the exclusion of every other subject, opportunity was found in both the House and the Senate for some discussion of the trade relations between Canada and Great Britain. So far last year's tariff preferences in favor of England have had no very appreciable effect on British trade. The official returns for 1896-7 show that imports from the United States are still mounting upwards, while imports from Great Britain are declining, and for the last fiscal year were smaller than in any year since confederation. The answer of the government to these figures is that the full effect of the Canadian preferences for England will not be felt until after July, 1898, when the duties on British goods will be reduced one-fourth. At the present time the reduction is one-eighth. Sir Wilfrid Laurier now holds that there is no hope for preferential terms for Canadian exports in Great Britain. Forty-six countries have been admitted to the preferential schedules of the Fielding tariff, many of them in consequence of treaties existing between the countries so admitted and Great Britain. When, however, at the beginning of April, Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, made his annual financial statement, and the House of Commons passed the budget resolutions, a rearrangement was brought about, and the tariff of 1898 was so constructed as to establish a system of preferences exclusively for Great Britain and British colonies, to come into operation in July. There were no other important alterations in the tariff, under which duties on imports from non-British countries now average thirty-three per cent. The Liberals, when in opposition, were tariff reformers. They now hold that these duties are too high, and Mr. Fielding gave an emphatic warning to Canadian manufacturers that they must not regard them as permanent, and that future changes in the tariff must be in the direction of greater freedom of trade.

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTIES IN INDIA.

Lundi Kotal, Khyber Pass,
February 14, 1898.

No one who has not crossed the north-western frontier of India and personally combated the difficulties of travel that have to be encountered there can well conceive how a few semi-savage tribes have been able to hold in check for nearly half a year a well-equipped British army of a strength of over five brigades.

The accompanying photograph of a section of the Bori, or Boree, Pass, which leads from the Khyber at a point only an hour's march from Lundi Kotal (at the Afghan end of the Khyber) into the Bazar Valley, which was and is an Afridi stronghold, affords a fair sample of the places that troops and their baggage-trains must penetrate in order to get into touch with the enemy.

In December a brigade was sent up the Bazar Valley to scour it and then cross into the Khyber through this pass. On maturer consideration, however, it was decided not to risk so dangerous an experiment as this was likely to prove, even with lightly equipped troops, and accordingly, after devastating the valley, the brigade doubled back on its tracks and entered the Khyber at Fort Ali Musjid, a day's march nearer India. A few days ago a reconnoissance of the dangerous pass was made from Lundi Kotal by General Hammond, and photographs of the nearer defiles of the route were taken by Surgeon-Lieutenant E. E. Waters, of the Indian Medical Service. From the general's report of this reconnoissance, and the photographs, it was decided by the authorities that, for the time being, at any rate, the Bori Pass would best be left alone.

THE BORI PASS—LEADING FROM THE KHYBER PASS, ABOUT TWO MILES SOUTH OF LUNDI KOTAL.

Photograph by Surgeon-Lieutenant E. E. Waters, Indian Medical Service, during the Reconnoissance by General Hammond's Brigade, February 9, 1898.

Why even a strong British column should shirk attempting to penetrate such a gorge as that shown in the Surgeon-Lieutenant's photograph is a question that can be readily answered by any one acquainted with the methods of warfare employed by the tribesmen in these parts.

To begin with, it must be understood that when a column advances through the country hereabouts the most elaborate precautions have to be taken. The Afridis, who know every inch of the hills through which the troops have to pass, generally make no opposition whatever to an advancing party. When the main column has gone by, however, they emerge from their caves or other hiding-places and harass the comparatively unprotected rear-guard. On account of the narrowness of the defiles through which it has to drag itself, the British column is often six or even eight miles in length, and it would be impossible to halt the entire force so as to give any effective assistance to the rear-guard, which, for its part, can ill afford to delay its retirement. Therefore the enemy feels comparatively safe in attacking it, inasmuch as he is aware that he cannot be pursued, and mayhap decimated, as would assuredly happen did he make his demonstration on the advance party, or main-guard, at an early hour of the day. In order to minimize the danger accruing from such attacks, it is necessary to throw out flanking parties on either side of an advancing column, to crown all the adjacent heights and ridges whence it might be fired upon by the excellent sharp-shooters of the enemy. The troops composing these flanking parties stretch out fan like, and picket the crests of the ridges, whence they can command the pass itself and the sky-line of the next outside ridge of hills, as well as the intervening hollows. They remain in these positions until the entire column has passed, when they are gradually withdrawn. Those in the farthest rear are first to curl in, as it were, on the end of the marching column; then, picket by picket, the rest follow suit—no picket deserting its post until all those that were behind it have fallen into the line of march.

At this juncture it is that the Afridis, who have been in hiding all day, come flocking over the ridge relinquished by the flanking parties, and engage the retiring troops in what is known as a rear-guard action. Being confident of immunity from pursuit, they can afford to be bold in their tactics; but, though intrepid fighters, they are generally conservative in the matter of self-protection, and use wonderful discretion in the matter of finding cover. They are unhampered by baggage, and can skip about the sheer sides of the hills like chamois, and have every advantage over the regular troops, who have to hang together, and dare not either desert the trailing transport or lose their main column.

Now the canyonlike walls of the Bori Pass are surmounted by the same sort of rugged hills that hem in the Khyber. They are honeycombed with the burrowed caves of the shepherds, and cut up by nullahs or gorges. Many of the Afridis, who can stalk into the Khyber and cut the field telegraph wires every night they choose, and who can even shoot British troops within three miles of the camp at Lundi Kotal in broad daylight, reside in and about the Bori Pass, and could have high old times with the rear-guard of any force sent to penetrate it.

As likely as not they would let the main-body through, and wait for the unfortunate flanking parties. Then, when the men composing these sought to follow through the five-foot cleft in the mountain-side, they would quietly peep out from their lairs among the rocks and exterminate the retreating soldiers with Lee-Metford magazine-rifles or other serviceable weapons captured or stolen from the British invaders.

No doubt the pass would be ultimately forced, but, so far as the British are concerned, it would very probably be a bloodsome job, and the game would scarcely be worth the candle.

As an illustration of the wonderful audacity of the tribesmen who inhabit this particular spot, one may mention an episode that occurred a couple of days ago. At about five o'clock on the morning of February 11 a private of the 4th Gurkhas went out to the lines, not a hundred yards from the walls of Lundi Kotal, where the brigade is encamped. There he was pounced upon by four Afridis, three of whom were armed with rifles and one with a sword. He had not time to give a squeak before he was carried away by the sinewy tribesmen. They took him down the Khyber to the Bori Pass, and through it to Karumna, in the Bazar Valley, where they held a discussion anent the advisability of killing him there and then. Possibly they were only trying to terrify the little chap; anyhow, he contrived to beg a respite, and, according to his own story, promised to lead his captors to a hidden store of rifles if his neck was spared. His proposition was agreed to, and he was sent off with three armed men to secure the coveted weapons. As these existed purely in his imagination, he started out on his search in a most unenviable state of mind. When passing a deep nullah, in which there were many caves and considerable long grass, he jumped over and escaped. A few shots were fired in his direction, but missed him, and he contrived to find his way to a night picket of his own regiment, stationed in a village a couple of miles from camp, at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th inst., just thirty-six hours after his capture. It requires genuine pluck to induce four ill-clad Afridis to approach within whispering distance of a hostile brigade's encampment and carry off a soldier therefrom; but then at Bara, within an easy march of Peshawar, they have crept up to the breastworks under cover of night and pelted stones at the sentries, so as to force them to call out the guard. When the guard turned out, they poured a volley into it and disappeared.

Since the trouble commenced on the frontier last summer there have been over 2000 casualties (killed, wounded, and missing) among the British troops, white and native. This large figure does not include camp-followers—mule-drivers, carriers, and the like—hundreds of whom have been lost, but no count been kept of them. The most noticeable item in the list of casualties is the prodigious percentage of white officers who have been picked off; and the next consideration is the equally prodigious percentage of fatalities. The British (white) casualties numbered 668 killed and wounded. Of these 133, or a fraction under 20 per cent., were commissioned officers, 43 of whom were killed and 90 wounded. Some of the latter have since died in hospital. In other words, every second hit was fatal. Among the non-commissioned officers and men the death-rate from war casualties was not so great—only 120 killed to 415 wounded, or, roughly estimated, two hits out of every nine were fatal. Among the native troops, 321 were killed and 907 wounded, which means, in effect, that over 26 per cent. of the hits were immediately fatal. These figures show that what looked like a "little" war some months ago has eventuated more seriously than any person who has kept but casually informed regarding its happenings might be inclined to imagine.

E. A. M.

THE DANISH WEST INDIES, OR THE VIRGIN ISLANDS.

Recent events have drawn attention anew to the Danish West Indies. Many articles have appeared in the press abroad, as well as in the newspapers of the United States, anent them. In an able editorial, *The Colonies and India*, in its issue of January 15 last, discussed the question *in extenso*. Foreign rumors said that Germany, England, and the United States wanted the islands. That Germany wanted a foothold in the west, and the like. Be that as it may, the fate of Denmark's West Indian possessions has no Chinese features "of a consecrated type."

The Danish islands in the Virgin group are three in number. They are separated from one another by a distance of six miles between St. Thomas and St. John, and of forty miles between Santa Cruz, or St. Croix, and St. John.

Their combined area is one hundred and forty-two square miles. Population about 34,000, the bulk of it being of African descent, with about 5000 whites. St. John and Santa Cruz are the productive islands, their chief exports being sugar and rum. Fruits and vegetables proper to the tropics grow luxuriantly. St. Thomas in the old slave days produced large quantities of sugar and rum.

The island having attractions for any intending purchaser is St. Thomas. Its importance is due wholly to its excellent geographical and strategic position, its great natural advantages on the Atlantic highway, and its large and wholly safe deep-water harbor; the latter practically landlocked. The entrance is divided by a rocky islet, used as a light-house station.

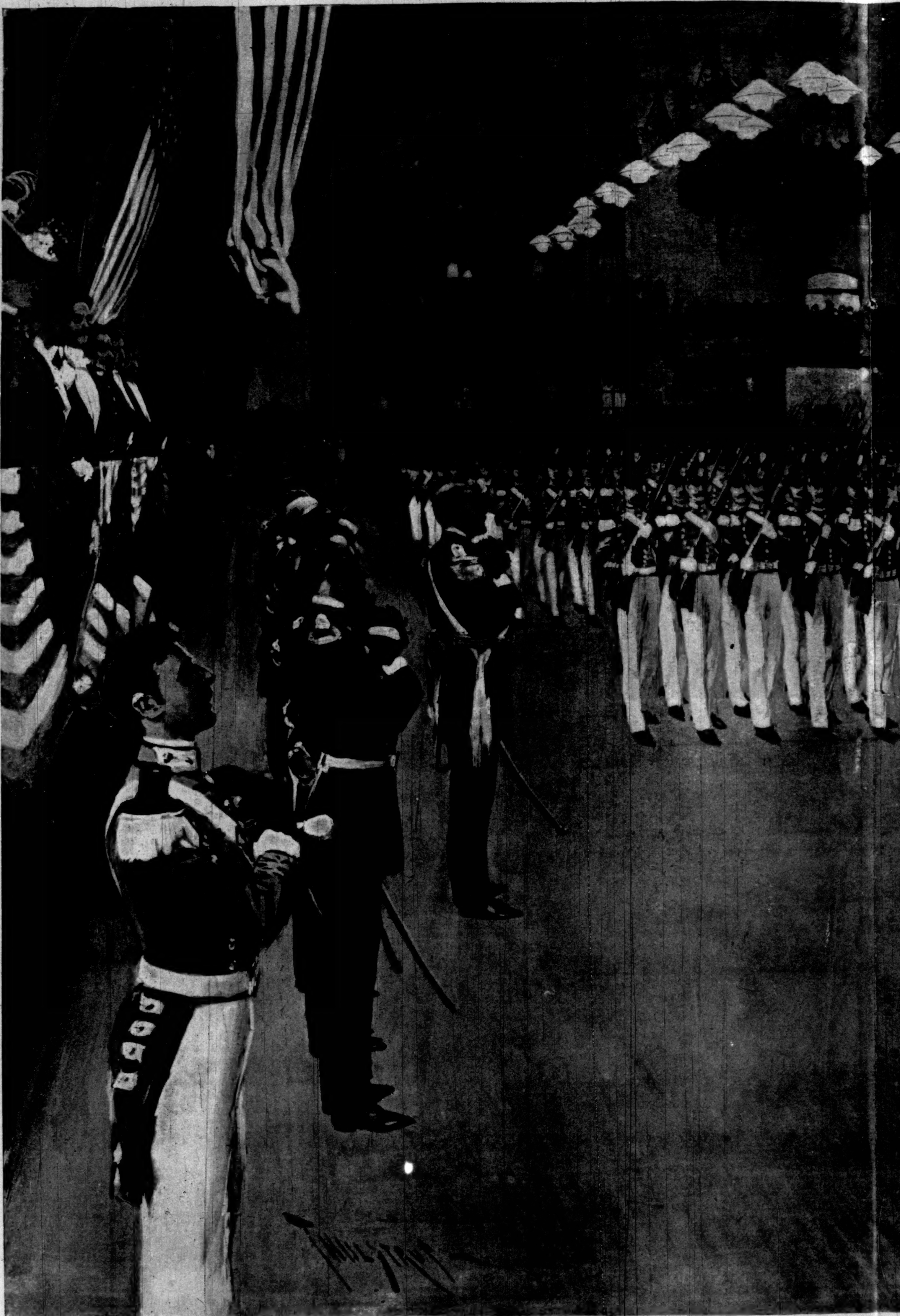
It makes a very pleasant and effective picture when seen from the deck of an incoming steamer. Passing to the right of the rocky islet the steamer describes a half-circle and then anchors, or goes alongside a pier.

The capital is Charlotte Amalie, but it is generally known to the world as St. Thomas. The harbor is somewhat oval in shape; along its curving shores lies that picturesque West Indian city. The streets nearest the water are occupied by public buildings, warehouses, and shops; the city is built upon the sides of three hills. As the houses, amid trees and tropical vegetation, rise above one another in terraces, a very pretty effect is produced, the hills near and distant making an effective background.

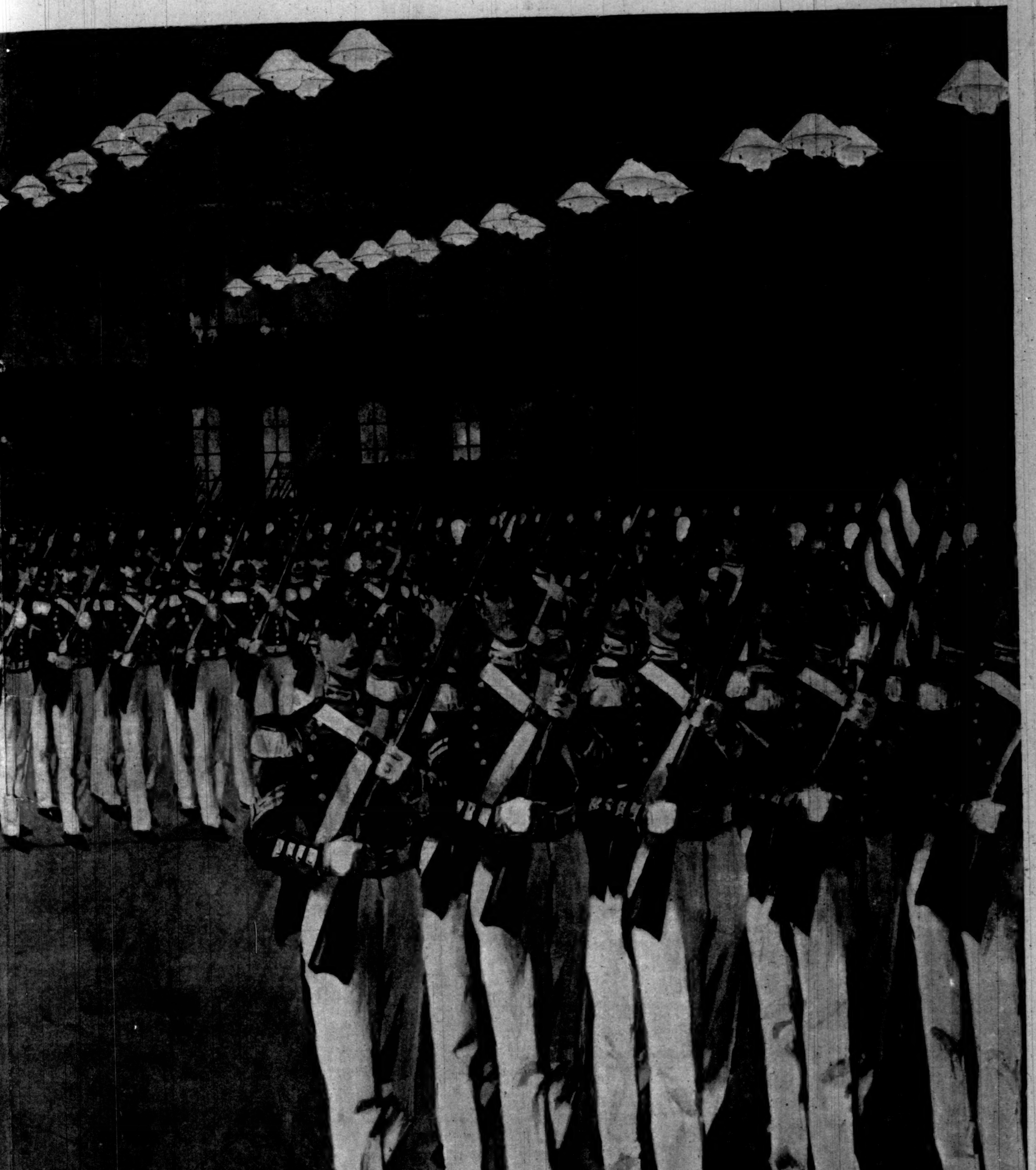
When at anchor the capital all but encircles one, save on the side where the narrow entrance is the portal to the vast blue Atlantic. At night the effect of the many lights on the hill-sides gives an added charm, making an old-time but novel scene to strangers.

The view by daylight from the upper part of the city is very pleasing. Below the city, beyond the pretty harbor dotted with shipping, on one of the outer crescents to the right as one looks down on the harbor, are the coal-docks. There steamers of the heaviest draught can lie alongside and coal. The large dry dock and the ocean cable system must not be forgotten; they are owned by British companies. Away to the extreme left, on a distant elevation, there is an old-time tower, whose history blends with the shadowy past when France placed the island in the hands of the Knights of Malta. Whether built as an early-day tower, or owing to its location commanding the sea, near and distant, it was admirably adapted for either purpose. There are many fantastic traditions regarding it. The masses say it is haunted.

In the near past St. Thomas was the great trading



OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS—REVIEW OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. N. Y., B



Y., BY MAJOR-GENERAL ROE, APRIL 6, 1898.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 390.]

centre of the West Indies. There merchants from all parts of the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, met to make their purchases. It was a hive of industry and a money-making place. Vessels from England and the Continent there discharged their transatlantic cargoes, and secured return cargoes and passengers from the inter-colonial boats, as they were called. St. Thomas had reached its zenith. Later the others islands—English, Spanish, French, and Dutch—sent their merchants and buyers direct to the Continent and England, buying in the home-markets and having the goods shipped direct. From that time its commerce commenced to decline. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company of Southampton transferred its workshops to British islands—Barbadoes and Jamaica. From being a source of income to Denmark it became an expense, despite rigid and faithful economy.

The city of Charlotte Amalie is clean and healthy. At one time it had an unenviable history as a pest-hole, but all of that is of the past. Modern sanitary science has changed it. From November to May it has a fine, equable, tropical climate, and is a delightful place in which to live. The summers at sea-level are hot, but, like Jamaica, the nights are cool, and slumber is refreshing.

The people of the West Indies, one and all, be they Danish, English, French, or Spanish, are noted for their genial hospitality. It is a "condition, and not a theory." Once partaken of, it will ever remain a pleasant memory.

A well-known Danish writer, Mr. G. O. Gyllich, for many years a resident of St. Thomas, now of Copenhagen, has rightly written that St. Thomas may be made a marine stronghold of the first order. Fortifications added to its rocky coast would make it an impregnable naval station—a key to the West Indies.

To-day, when coal is as essential to the modern fighting-machine as breath is to man, coal must be had, and that at short intervals, particularly when we know that the steam radius of many war-vessels is so small, owing to the small space devoted to bunker room. Nations having navies and commerce to protect must have coaling and supply stations.

Without any official knowledge, it seems wholly fair to assume that the Danish islands may be had for a "consideration." They have ceased to be useful to Denmark. Their value to any power with an extensive littoral and rapidly developing foreign commerce will be inestimable. A navy of modern fighting-machines, without coaling stations, in peace or war, will mean maritime paralysis when war occurs. The lanes of commerce must be kept open and protected. Nations, like individuals, to-day are measured by their power to maintain honor with dignity, and peace with prosperity.

St. Thomas is rocky. It has an area of twenty-three square miles; population estimated at 15,000. St. John also is rocky. It has an area of twenty-one square miles, and a population estimated at 1000. It has many tracts that are productive. St. Croix, or Santa Cruz (Holy Cross), is the largest and most productive. Its area is ninety-eight square miles; population about 18,000. Its capital is Christiansted. Denmark sends a governor, who represents imperial interests. Slavery was abolished in 1848. Coolie labor was introduced in 1863. Islands purchased by Denmark in 1733.

WOLFRED NELSON, F.R.G.S.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FLIGHT OF THE LITTLE PLAYMATE.

WE carried Dessauer back to the boat with the utmost tenderness, the Prince walking by his side, and ofttimes taking his hand. I followed behind them, more than a little sad to think that my troubles should have caused so good and true a man so dangerous a wound. For though in a young man the scalp wound would have healed in a week, in a man of the High Councillor's age and delicacy of constitution it might have the most serious effects.

But he himself made light of it.

"I needed a leech to bleed me!" he said. "I was coward enough to put off the kindly surgery, and here our young friend has provided me one without cost. His last operation, too, and so no fee to pay. I am a fortunate man."

We came to the gate of the Palace of Plassenburg.

My Lady Princess met us, pale and obviously anxious, with lips compressed, and a strange cold glitter in her emerald eyes.

"So strange a thing hath happened," she began.

"No stranger than hath happened to us!" cried the Prince.

"Why, what hath happened to you?" she demanded, quickly.

"Your fine von Reuss hath proved himself a traitor. He fought a duel with Hugo here all in chain armor, and when found out he whistled his rascals from the covert to slay us all. But we bested him, and he is over the hill, with Jorian and Boris hot after him!"

"And he hath not gone alone!" said the Princess, and her eyes were brilliant with excitement.

"Not gone alone?" said the Prince. "What do you know about this black work?"

"Because Helene, my maid of honor, hath fled to join him!" she said, looking anxious, like one who perils much upon a throw of the dice.

I laughed aloud. So certain was I of the utter impossibility of the thing that I laughed a laugh of scorn. I saw the sound of my voice jar the Lady Ysolinde like a blow on the face.

"You do not believe!" she said, standing straight before me.

"I do not believe—I know!" answered I, curtly enough.

"Nevertheless, the thing is true," she said, with a curious pleading expression, as if she had been charged with wrong-doing and were clearing herself, though none had accused her by word or look.

"It is true," the Princess went on; "she fled from the Palace an hour before sundown. She was seen mounting a horse belonging to von Reuss at the Wolfmark gate, with two of his men in attendance upon her. She is known to have received a note by the hand of an unknown messenger an hour before."

I did not wait for the permission of the Princess, but tore up the women's staircase to Helene's room, where I found nothing out of place—not so much as a fold of lace. After a hurried look around, I was about to leave the room, when a crumpled scrap of paper, half hidden by a curtain, caught my eye.

I stooped and picked it up. It was written in an unknown and probably disguised hand—a hand cumbersome and unclerkly:

"*Come to me. Meet me at the Wolfsberg. I need you.*"

There was no more; the signature was torn away, and if the letter were genuine it was more than enough. But no thought of its truth or of the falseness of Helene so much as crossed my mind.

To tell the truth, it struck me from the first that the Lady Ysolinde might have placed the letter there herself. So I said nothing about it when I descended.

The Prince met me half-way up the stairs.

"Well?" he questioned.

"She is gone, certainly," said I; "where or how, I do not yet know. But with your permission I will pursue and find out."

"Or, I presume, without my permission?" said the Prince.

I nodded; for it was vain to pretend otherwise—foolish, too, with such a master.

"Go, then, and God be with you!" he said. "It is a fine thing to believe in love!"

And in ten minutes I was riding towards the Wolfsberg.

As I went past the great gibbet which had made an end of Ritterdom in Plassenburg, I noted that there was a gathering of the hooded folk—the carrion-crows. And, lo! there before me, already aswing, were our late foes, the two bravoes; and in the middle the dead Cannsfadt tucked up beside them, for all his five hundred years of ancestry, stamped traitor and coward by the miller's son, who minded none of these things, but understood a true man when he met him.

I pounded along my way, and for the first ten miles did well, but there my horse stumbled and broke a leg in a wretched mole-run widened by the winter rains. In mercy I had to kill the poor beast, and there I was left without other means of conveyance than my own feet.

It was a long night as I pushed onward through the mire. For presently it had come on to rain—a thick dank rain, which wetted through all covering, yet fell soft as caressing on the skin.

I staid in a farm-house with honest folk, who right willingly sat up all night about the fire, snoring on chairs and hard settles that I might have their single sleeping-chamber, where, under strings of onions and odorous dried herbs, I rested well enough. For I was dead tired with the excitement and anxiety of the day—and at such times one often sleeps best.

On the morrow I got another horse; but the brute, heavy-footed from the plough, was so slow that, save for the look of the thing, I might just as well have been afoot.

Nevertheless, I pushed towards the town of Thorn, hearing and seeing naught of my dear Playmate, though, as you may well imagine, I asked at every way-side place.

It was at the entering in of the strange country of the brick-dust that I met Jorian and Boris. They were riding excellent horses, unblown and in good condition, the which, when I asked how they came by them, they said that a man gave them to them.

"Jorian," said I, sharply, "where have you been?"

"To the city of Thorn," said he, more briskly than was his wont, so that I knew he had tidings to communicate.

"Saw you the Lady Helene?" I asked eagerly of them.

He shook his head, yet pleasantly.

"Nay," said he, "I saw her not. The Red Tower is not a healthy place for men of Plassenburg, nor yet the White Gate and the house of Master Gerard von Sturm. But Mistress Helene is in safety, so much Boris and I are assured of."

"Not with von Reuss?" cried I, sudden fear thrilling in my voice that he had stolen her and now held her in captivity.

Boris held up his hand as a signal that I must not hurry his companion, who was clearly doing his best.

"She is with Gottfried Gottfried, the old man, your father, and is safe."

"Did she go to them of her own free will, or did my father send for her?" I went on, for much depended upon that question.

"Nay," answered Jorian, "that I know not. But certainly she is with him and safe. The Count is with his uncle, and, they say, also safe—under lock and key."

"Good!" quoth Boris.

"Let us all three go back to Plassenburg forthwith!" cried I.

"Good!" chorussed both of them together, unanimously slapping their thighs. "Choose one of our horses. He was a good man who gave us them. We wish we had known. We should have asked him for another when we were about it."

So I rode back to Plassenburg on the farmer's beast, sadly enough, yet somewhat contented. For Helene was with my father, and far safer, as I judged, than in the Palace chambers of Plassenburg, and within striking distance of the Lady Ysolinde. And in that I judged not wrong, though the future seemed for a while to belie my confidence.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE GOLDEN NECKLACE.

THE Chancellor Leopold von Dessauer, High Councillor of the Prince, with his head still bound up, was pacing the sparred gallery outside the private apartments of his master. It was in the heats of the late summer, before the ripening of the orchard fruits had had time to culminate, or the russet to come out slowly upon the apples like a blush upon a woman's soft dusky cheek.

The High Councillor was in a bad humor. For he had been kept waiting, and that by a man of no account. At last a forester in a uniform of dark green, with the Prince's bugle and sparrow-hawk on silver everywhere about him, made his appearance at the foot of the gallery, and stood waiting Dessauer's summons with his plumed hat of soft cloth in his hand.

"Hither, man!" cried the High Councillor, sharply. "What hath kept you? Why were you not here half an hour ago? If this be the way you keep the Prince's forests, no wonder there are many deer taken by rieving rascals and the forest laws daily broken."

"High Mightiness," said the man, humbly, looking down, "it was my daughter; she would not give up the necklace. She hath had it for her own since she was a child, and she would not deliver it, though I threatened her with your well-born anger."

"And have you got it with you? Surely you and she have not dared to keep it?" began the Chancellor.

"Yea, truly, truly, an you will have patience, my Lord; I have it here," said the man, drawing a necklace of golden bars curiously arranged from his leathern wallet; and kneeling on his knee, he presented it to the Chancellor.

"How did you prevail with the maid?" he asked, as soon as he had it in hand. "You used no constraint or force, I hope?"

"Nay, sir," said the man; "but, my wife being dead and my daughter marriageable, she keeps house for me; and having a sweetheart betrothed a year ago, she hath been laying aside plenishing gear and women's dainty gewgaws. So these I took one by one, beginning with a mirror of polished brass, and made as if I would dash them in pieces if she discovered not where the chain of gold was hid."

"And she revealed it?" said Dessauer.

"Aye," said the man; "but none so willingly. I had Saint Peter's own trouble to get it from her. Indeed, I prayed to the Holy Apostle to aid me."

"What had Saint Peter to do with it?" said the Councillor, pausing and looking humorsomely at the man, like an ascetic sparrow with his head at the side.

"Because Saint Peter is the only saint who understands the trouble men have with the contrariness of women!"

"Why so?" cried the Chancellor, rubbing his hand with pleasure at the colloquy.

"Because he only among the Apostles was a married man and had experience of a mother-in-law."

"Art a wise forester! Where gat you that wisdom?"

"Why," said the man, modestly, "partly by nature and partly because I also have been married, so have graduated in the wars."

"It is the same thing," said the Chancellor, "according to your own telling."

"Aye, sir," quoth the man; "but yet the young fellows will take no warning. 'It is better to marry than to burn,' said the other Apostle. But methinks he knew nothing about it, being no better than a bachelor, or he would have amended it: 'It is better to burn than to marry and burn.'"

"Ha! art also a theologue, Sir Woodman?" cried Dessauer; "but this touches on the Inquisition and the Holy Office. Let us despatch!"

All this time the High Councillor had been gazing by fits and starts at the links of the necklace, turning it about and viewing it from every angle. It was composed of short bars of gold laid horizontally three and three together, and bound together with stout chains of gold. And on each of the bars there was engraven a crest. Letters also were on the bars, cut in plain deep script.

"Now tell your tale and tell it briefly—if brevity be in you, which I doubt!" said Dessauer.

"As I said before," quoth the forester, "I was in the wars; I mean not only in the wars with womenkind, but also with mankind. And among other things I remember the night of the Duke Casimir's famous ride when he took Plassenburg because there was scarce a sober man within the walls."

"And his Highness the Prince Karl away on Baltic side with his men, else had Casimir never set foot within the city," cried the High Councillor.

"Ah, like enow," said the woodman; "I ken naught of that. But this I do know, Plassenburg was taken, with much slaughter and grievous loss of goodly gear. They took many noble prisoners also, and, because I slept in the stables, they took me to help lead the horses. And I was not ill-treated, save that I had to keep pace with the horsemen upon my feet. But I saw the Prince—"

"Which Prince? Speak plainly," said the High Councillor, gruffly.

"Why the Prince Dietrich Honbenfriedberg, of Plassenburg," said the man; "he, as your well-born Wisdom remembers, was the only Prince in these parts—a good man, and born of the noblest, though not of the capacity of his present Highness the Prince Karl."

"Proceed somewhat faster. You move as slowly as one of your own forest oxen at the wood-hauling," cried the well-born Councillor, in a testy tone.

"We were long in riding over to Thorn—two days and nights upon the way. It was a terrible time, and those condemned beasts of the Wolfmark, Casimir's Black Riders, driving us with their spears like prick-goads, till our backs were all bleeding, gentle and simple alike. So at midnight of the third day we came to the city of Thorn, and up through the streets to the Wolfsberg. There was no gladness in the town, such as there would have been in our city had there been news of a victory, or even of some hundreds of the enemy's horses well driven. For the town hated its Duke. And so they were all silent.

"Then in the darkness we came to the castle, and the word was, 'Dismount, and to the shambles!' Me and my like they meddled not with, but only the great ones. And it was then, as I told you, that I saw Prince Dietrich with the little maid in his arms. I had carried her part of the way for him, and faithfully delivered her up again, feeding her with the choicest meats I could obtain, when she could eat. But she was tired mostly, and would not look at food. So for this he gave me her necklace from her pretty neck. But the rest of her noble golden gear, the belt and the clasps, were upon the maid when the man of Thorn delivered her to the one that stood near by. So, being almost asleep with weariness, and exhausted with terror, they carried her away, and I saw the maid no more.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

"LO! THERE BEFORE ME, ALREADY ASWING, WERE OUR THREE FOES."

"But the Prince Dietrich Hohenfriedberg was beheaded within the hour, and his body thrown to the Duke's blood-hounds, that were clamoring all the time behind their fence.

"God help us—such a disaster that night was for Plassenburg! Will the Prince never set about wiping away the disgrace?"

"Aye, that he will!" cried the High Councillor, suddenly bursting into a fury, strangely unlike him. "He will wash it away in the blood of Duke Casimir and all his evil brood—the Wolves of the Mark truly are they named. And the Wolfsberg shall go up in flaming fire to heaven, so that the ashes of it shall be cast abroad to make the Mark yet grayer and more desolate—like the fell of the beasts that dwelt within it."

"Amen! Let it come quick, say I—that I may see it before I die!" cried the herdsman, bowing low before the Chancellor.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DECENT SERVITOR.

"THIS grows past all bearing," cried the Prince one morning, when he had summoned into his hall the Chancellor Dessauer and myself. For though the Prince was still wont to command in person in any important action, and in the general policy of his realm took counsel with none, yet it had come about that we—the old man and the young—had been constituted an informal council of two which was liable to be summoned at any moment, whenever the Prince was weary or troubled.

He struck one clinched hand into the palm of the other before he spoke again.

"Duke Casimir is either in his dotage, or his young riders have gotten out of hand since Hugo and you drove the young wolf over to help the old. Both are likely enough, with a people praying for deliverance and yearning for the Duke's death. A bare board and an empty treasury may render a new course of plunder necessary abroad, in order to keep his Dukedom from toppling about his ears at home. After all, 'tis natural enough. But I had thought that he would have had enough of sense to let the borders of Plassenburg alone so long as the Prince lived."

"And what, my lord, has befallen?" asked the High Councillor.

"Why," cried the Prince, "the Black Riders of the Wolfmark are out again, and have left their trail behind them in slain men and frantic women—and on our borders, too, among our kindly husbandmen, our honest, sunburnt peasants. Bitterly shall Casimir Iron-teeth rue the day that he meddled with Karl Miller's-Son!"

"Your Highness," I said, "this is indeed madness. We who have but to collect our forces, choose a time, and, lo! we are within the town of Thorn. Once there, we would be welcomed by man, woman, and child. We could besiege the Wolfsberg, and in three days make an end."

"Aye, that is it," said the Prince, grimly. "You have hit it, Hugo. We *will* make an end."

"Alas! my Prince," I went on, boldly, "so ye give me leave and approve of my design, I will go alone to the town of Thorn, and bring you back word of their power and dispositions. Save the Count von Reuss, there is none who could now recognize me within the city walls."

"What think ye, Dessauer?" said the Prince, looking over at the High Councillor.

"I think well," said he, a little doubtfully. "But would it not be better that two should go than that one should adventure alone into the wolf's den?"

"Surely it were better to keep the matter between our three selves," the Prince made answer. "Not even the Princess must know of our attempt. Keep a candle flame within the hollow of your palm, and the sparks will not fly far."

"I will go with the lad, Prince Karl," said the Chancellor. "In my youth I had some practice as a leech. I am acquainted with the art of healing. I could travel either as a doctor of healing, as a travelling philosopher seeking disputation with the scholars of each country, or, perhaps best of all, in mine own quality of a doctor of law. And in any case this young man might with all safety be my pupil or servant, whichever best liketh him."

"Servant, then," said I, "for the art of disputation I have hitherto chiefly undertaken with my fists and side-irons. And as to surgery, I am more practised in the giving of wounds than in the healing of them."

The Prince leaned his head upon his hand. He thought carefully over our proposal, taking up point after point, resolving difficulty after difficulty in his mind, as was his wont.

"How long would you be away?" he asked, looking up at us.

"Ten days, Prince," said I; "give us but ten days and we will return."

"I will give you eight, and if ye are not home again on the eve of the last, as sure as I am Karl Miller's-Son the army of Plassenburg will be thundering on the walls of Thorn, seeking for a wandering Chancellor and a lost Hugo Gottfried."

And so it was arranged. We were, indeed, in great need of such a mission, for we had heard nothing from Thorn or the Wolfmark during many months; no tidings, at all events, that could be relied upon. For the cutting up of our frontiers by new raids, and the severance of all relations between us and the dwellers in the Wolfmark, through fear of reprisals, caused us to hear little news but such as were manifest lies.

As thus: Duke Casimir was collecting a great army, magnificent with cannon and munitions of war. He was shut up tight in the Wolfberg, not daring to show his face to his own citizens. He would appear some fine day before the Palace of Plassenburg and slay every man of us. He was in a madman's cell, and Otho von Reuss was Duke of the Mark in his place.

These were only a few of the stories which were brought to regale us daily. And since there was no certainty anywhere, and we were all in the dark concerning the military matters which it behooved us greatly to be acquainted with, I was honestly eager, for my master's sake, to undertake the perilous journey. But, to tell the whole truth, the fact that I had not had a word from the Little Playmate, not a line of script nor a message, since her disappearance, made me more eager to go than the high politics of a dozen provinces.

Since the duel and the final declaring of my love for Helene, I had seen but little of the Princess. Indeed, I kept out of her way, so far at least as I could. And the Lady Ysolinde remained mostly in her own domains, to which, of late, I had been less and less invited. Nevertheless, when we met she was more than kind to me—gentle, forbearing, pathetic almost in bearing and demeanor, like as a woman wronged, slighted, misconstrued.

Yet there was sent to my quarters a new banner for my following, broidered and blazoned in yellow and blue; a saddle-cloth for my horse, of silk, fine as a woman's robe, with a crowned Y. faint and small, in the corner, lettered in straw-colored gold. No man could help being touched by such kindly thought, which, after all, is more than mere liberality.

Yet I saw that upon her stairs one night which awoke me with a sudden start to the fact that we had one to reckon with in our journeying to the city of Thorn whom we had not as yet taken into our consideration.

For it chanced that I was passing up to the Prince's apartments by the quicker way, through corridors and stairs to which he had given me private access. And there upon the steps leading to the Lady Ysolinde's rooms I saw the decent servitor of Master Gerard stand waiting. He stared as hard at me as I did at him. But whereas his smooth, silent, secret face remained with me, and I knew him at a glance, it was, I judged, clean impossible that he could know the beardless stripling in the bearded leader of soldiers, walking well-accustomed and unafraid through palaces.

The man had a letter in his hand, and I saw him deliver it to a maid who came to the dividing curtain to take it.

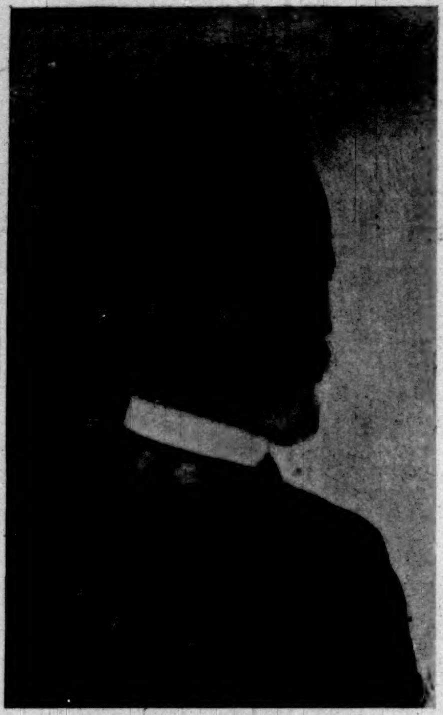
So there was later news from the city of Thorn within the Palace of Plassenburg than we of the Prince's council of three possessed. Should I tell our Karl of this encounter? I thought it might be safer not. Because the Prince was the last man to attempt to obtain aught from his wife by compulsion; and any question, direct or indirect, might only put her upon her guard.

If I let him into the secret, the Prince would be likely to stride straight into the Princess's rooms with the brusque words, "Gottfried has seen a letter come to you from your father—what were its contents?"

And that would not suit us at all.

So, rightly or wrongly, I kept the matter from my master, speaking of it only to Dessauer. And if aught befell from my reticence, it was at least myself who bore the burden and paid the penalty.

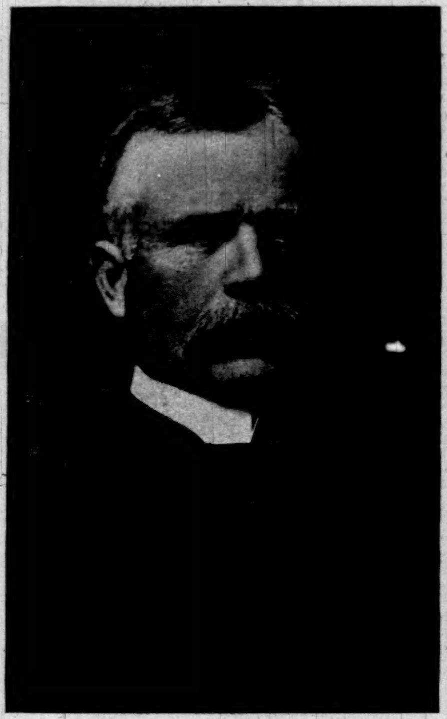
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



COMMANDER JAMES H. DAYTON, U.S.N.,
U. S. Cruiser "Detroit."

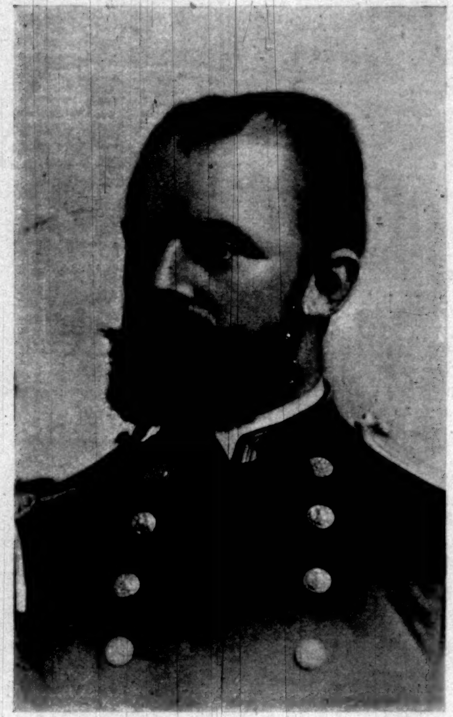
CAPTAIN RICHARD P. LEARY, U.S.N.,
U. S. Protected Cruiser "San Francisco."

COMMANDER WILLARD H. BROWNSON, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Yankee."



COMMANDER MORRIS R. S MACKENZIE, U.S.N.,
U. S. Torpedo-Boat-Destroyer "Mayflower."

COMMANDER CHAPMAN C. TODD, U.S.N.,
U. S. Light-draught-Gunboat "Wilmington."



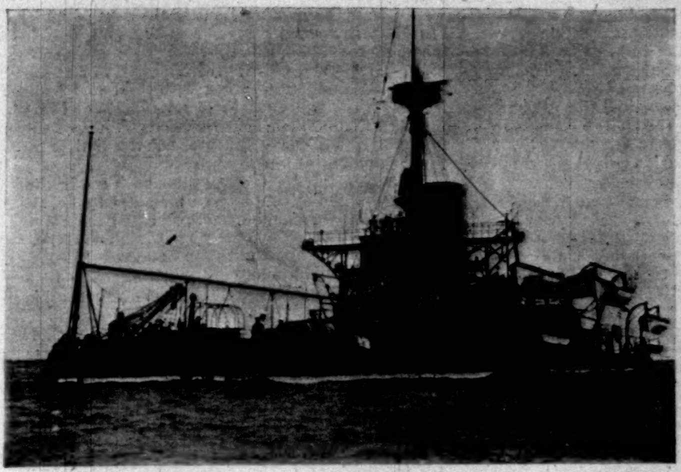
COMMANDER WILLIAM T. SWINBURNE, U.S.N.,
U. S. Light-draught-Gunboat "Helena."

COMMANDER FREDERICK M. SYMONDS, U.S.N.,
U. S. Composite Gunboat "Marietta."

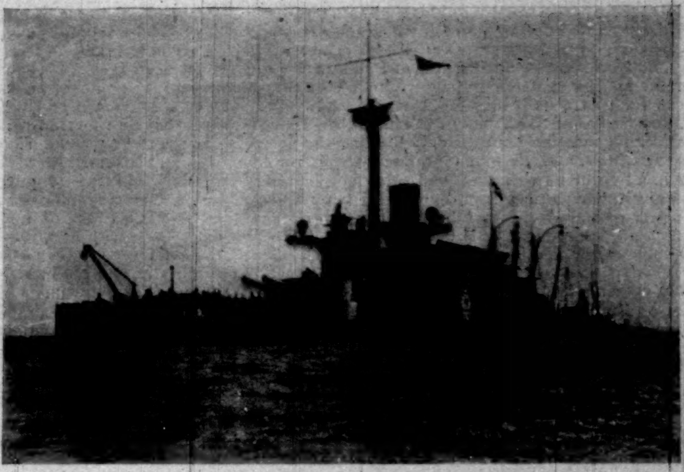
LIEUT.-COMMANDER WILLIAM S. COWLES, U.S.N.,
U. S. Transport-Steamer "Fern."

COMMANDER WILLIAM H. EMORY, U.S.N.,
U. S. S. "Yosemite."

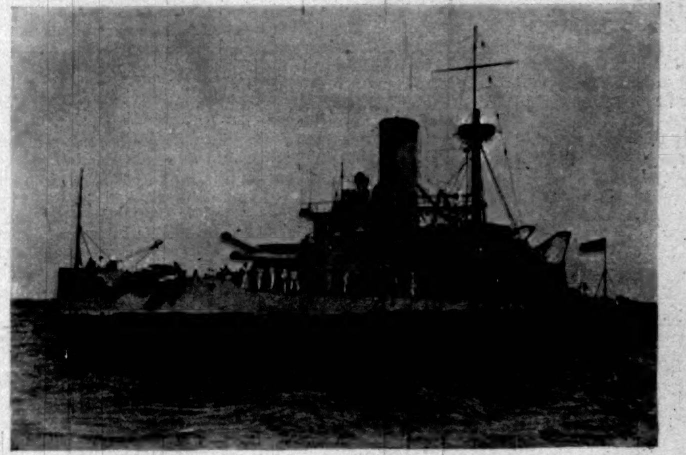
PROMINENT AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDERS.



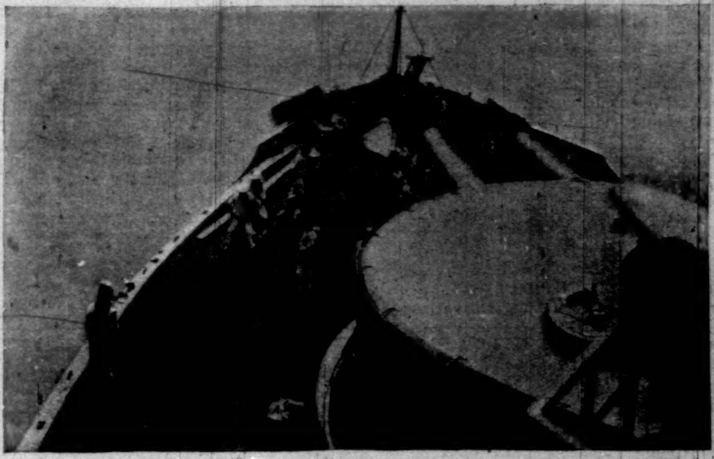
"TERROR."



"AMPHITRITE."



"PURITAN."



FORWARD DECK [illegible]F "PURITAN," CLEARED FOR ACTION.

OUR DOUBLE-TURRET MONITORS AT KEY WEST.—VIEWS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

AMATEVR · SPORT

HUNTING BIG GAME IN THE FAR EAST.

ALSO SOME REMARKS ON LARGE AND SMALL CALIBRE RIFLES.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

IN the course of that part of my life which has been devoted to the hunting of big game it has been my fortune—my good fortune, I add—to have chosen comparatively unknown districts and entirely unfamiliar conditions and environments for the greater number of my sporting ventures. And that tendency to seek new and untried fields will explain why on this occasion I determined to try my luck in Siam, the Malay Peninsula, and Sumatra. Now that the hunt is finished, and I am on my way to study the amateur sport of France and Germany, perhaps a brief résumé at this time and before I tell the complete story later may not be without interest to the department's readers.

Altogether I gave eleven consecutive weeks to hunting, divided about equally, in the jungles of Siam, Malay Peninsula, and Sumatra, with one trip into Burmah. My bag at the close of the hunt consisted of—1 elephant, 9 feet 10¼ inches at shoulder, tusks 2 feet circumference, fore-feet 57 inches, width at bottom front to back 17½ inches. 1 rhinoceros, 4 feet 10 inches at shoulder, anterior horn 5½ inches, posterior 3 inches. 1 peacock. 1 crocodile, 9 feet long from nose tip to tail's end. 1 python, 16 feet long. 1 leopard, 7 feet 4 inches long from nose tip to tail's end. 1 tapir, 3½ feet at shoulder. 1 bison, 6 feet 1 inch at shoulder. 1 barking-deer. 1 sambur. 1 "honey" (black) bear. 3 boars. 1 fish-tiger.

I regret to add that I wounded one other elephant which I did not get, in the interest of the discussion concerning the comparative killing powers of small and large calibre rifles.

I could easily have killed many deer, among others a tiny specimen not larger than a fox-terrier, without antlers, but I wished only for one of each variety, and provisions were never so short, I am thankful to say, that at any time was unusual killing for mere meat needful. I shot so many boar to secure a good head, but was unsuccessful. I had not a single shot at tiger throughout my trip, although once I caught a glimpse of one in the jungle, a somewhat unusual piece of luck, and many times I heard them at night, on several occasions so near camp as to petrify with fright my bullocks and coolies. Those American sportsmen who have hunted the cougar can no doubt recall the fright of camp dogs at the scream of the Rocky Mountain lion, but that in only a very mild degree suggests the positive paralysis of bullocks on hearing the heavy, coughing, choking roar of the tiger. And I must say his is truly a nerve-shaking voice.

Wherever the tiger abounds in the Far East, the natives hold him in deadly fear, and at night really tremble at the mention of his name. Truth to tell, in a few localities they have good cause for trembling, but, generally speaking, the audacity, courage, and man-eating propensity of the tiger are most extravagantly over-colored. The "fish-story" and the "bear-story," as we know them in America, are the rudiments of unvarnished tales compared with the average tiger-yarn of the Far East.

As a matter of fact, except where the country permits of beating, tiger-shooting is poor sport, and would hardly attract the genuine sportsman after he had secured one trophy, unless, of course, he followed the chase in the spirit of extermination. Beating out a tiger with elephants is interesting, but beating him out on foot is an infinitely better quality of sport, and truly exhilarating. I had two experiences of beating on foot, but on each occasion the tiger broke through to one side of the beating-line without my getting even a glimpse of him. To make a successful beat requires several hundred men or upwards of one hundred elephants, according to the character of the country. Many times large numbers of both men and elephants are used. The equipment is simply a question of purse.

In respect to tiger-beating, I write more especially of India, for elsewhere in the Far East there is not enough of it to name. The jungles of Siam, the Malay Peninsula, or Sumatra are too dense to permit of beating with elephants, and only very rarely is there a beat on foot. India, like Africa, has great open stretches on which not only tiger-beating with elephants becomes easy, but the hunting of buffalo, elephant, and rhinoceros is boys' play compared with hunting the same animals through the fever-laden swamps and all but impenetrable jungles of Siam and Malaya.

With rare exceptions, tiger-shooting outside of India becomes tiger-baiting. You sit upon a platform erected over a kill, and when the tiger returns for a meal you score on him if you are a moderately good marksman. It is simply a pot-shot. But sitting up over a kill is not invariably rewarded. Sometimes the night is too dark to see to shoot; sometimes, indeed, the tiger does not come.

They are very wary and cunning. On three different occasions I sat up all night on a platform ten feet aboveground, over a bullock tied up as sacrifice to his royal striped highness. Usually one does not sit up until the kill has been made, but I wished to study the tiger making his kill. On none of these times, however, did he come, although on two of them there were fresh prints of his pads near by in the morning. Another time the tiger came, and although I could hear him, the night was too dark to see even his outline. As an experience, perhaps it is interesting to sit up all night on platforms awaiting a chance of a pot-shot, but in my judgment it provides little sport.

It is impossible to hunt tiger after the manner of elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, or, indeed, any other kind of game—*i.e.*, by tracking. One might with equal chances of success attempt to track a rat through a hay-rick. Therefore tiger-shooting becomes a matter of time and opportunity—or I should speak more correctly if I said of much time and many opportunities. Unless a visiting sportsman go to the expense of a hundred elephants or so and several hundred beaters in India, he must depend on a tiger first advertising his whereabouts by either a kill of deer or of a tied-up bullock. The sportsman may go out half a dozen times, he may go twenty, before he finally succeeds in catching the wily beast unawares. I confess to a fascination in this persistent following of a tiger to his death—a fascination, I make sure, which would lose its charm once you had got home with a good bit of lead.

However, I am dwelling on the tiger too long—especially considering I did not get one.

I went first to Siam, and to one particular section of it where there are wild buffalo—the only wild buffalo in the Far East, in fact. For two weeks I followed tracks, sometimes very fresh ones, and yet I never got a glimpse of a buffalo, although a number of times I started them. I was greatly disappointed, for I believe I wished more for the head of one of these than for the tusks of an elephant or horn of a rhino.

The particular jungle in which I tracked buffalo was the densest I saw on my trip. At all times progress was most arduous and slow, but frequently I had actually to cut my way with jungle-knife through the interlacing creepers, rotans, thorny bushes, etc., that, overhead, underfoot, and on all sides, made as impassable and intricate a barrier as even the ingenuity of man could have builded. Exercising the utmost caution, and employing the sharpest of knives, it was yet impossible to move through such cover without making some noise.

Of course when tracks had once been found, there was no other way of coming up with game in such country than by keeping on the tracks. I had the very hard luck of a wind blowing from me to the game every time I got near. Four times in one day I started up a lone bull, whose tracks I followed from daylight to dark, and each time the wind was against me, and the bull went off not over twenty yards ahead of me. He might as well have been half a mile away, for all the chances of a shot. In the Siam jungle you rarely get a clear view of twenty feet, much less of twenty yards. Most of the time you cannot see twelve feet beyond you. And always the game has you at a disadvantage. You never, by any chance, have the game at a disadvantage. That is one of the differences between hunting in the dense jungles of the Far East and in those open, lighter ones of India and Africa, or in the mountainous, timber-covered regions of our own hunting districts.

The weather in Siam was very good—no rain, and the heat a little more trying than I had experienced in New Mexico. But the water was very bad, and the jungles full of decaying vegetation and fever. In the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra it rained constantly, and in the dense primeval forests, where the sun never penetrates, it was wet, cheerless travelling. The first few days in these great thick forests seem cool and pleasant, but after a week or so, particularly in the rainy season, they become so dismal that you would gladly exchange them for the scorching tropical sun. You are always wet. The clothes you hang up at night are as wet in the morning as when you took them off. And the pests of the Malayan jungle are the leeches that make their way to your flesh, despite "putties" and utmost and ceaseless guarding. What impressed me greatly was the stillness and the absence of bird life in the heavy primeval jungles of Malay and Sumatra. Some text-book of my earliest school-days pictured Eastern jungles filled with snakes and monkeys and the song and dazzling plumage of tropical birds. The real jungle has only the monkeys of this picture, and even they are absent in the very dense water-soaked section. In Siam and in Burmah the jungle is thicker and more difficult to hunt, but drier, and with more bird and general animal life, because of the absence of those great primeval dank and dark forests of the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra into which the sun never penetrates, and where the trees, as a rule, are without branches except at the top—umbrella-shape, in other words. The undergrowth in such forests is not so thick as in Siam, and not so difficult to get through, though to the eye of the Western sportsman it would seem impassable.

At all times and everywhere I experienced great difficulty in securing trustworthy guides and trackers, or in getting dependable information of any character concerning the country to which I proposed going. The natives of Siam, of the Malay Peninsula, and of Sumatra are not hunters, or at least not expert enough to be so called. They can follow tracks if they find them, but have little, if any, knowledge of the habits of the animals. Indeed, killing deer for meat is about the only hunting the native does successfully, and he much prefers to wait for his quarry in a tree at its drinking-pool. In fact, he rarely follows any other method from choice. In my travels in this part of the East I met but three natives whom I thought good hunters. This does not apply to India proper, where the English have trained a class of excellent native *shikaris*. But in Siam there are very few white men, and none of them hunts; in Sumatra there are but a handful of Dutch, and they dare not venture inland, for fear of falling into the hands of some of the unconquered tribes that keep the poor little local army of Holland busy (besides which the Dutchman is no sportsman), while in the Malay Peninsula and in Burmah there are too few English sportsmen to have as yet made much of an impression upon the native.

The Siamese do indeed have, every year or so, what they are pleased to call an elephant-hunt, which consists in driving a couple of hundred half-wild elephants into a huge corral, and there, before and for the especial delectation of the King, catching some of the best ones for his future service.

In the Malay Peninsula, and again in Sumatra, I penetrated to the section where dwell the Sakais, the aborigines of that part of the East. I came upon them first one afternoon in the Malay jungle, when, following hot on the tracks of a rhinoceros, my attention was attracted by figures dodging behind trees. On stopping to investigate, I discovered several men, entirely naked except for loincloth, dodging hither and yon, while from several trees woolly heads stuck out and remained steadfastly observant of my movements. Thinking I had fallen in with hostiles, I also stepped behind a tree, and taking a handful of cartridges out of my belt that I might handle them the more quickly if need be, stood prepared for whatever might come. In ten minutes my two trackers, whom I had distanced in my keenness on the rhino tracks, came upon the scene, and forthwith dissipated my suspicion of hostility by entering into conversation with the half-concealed men. Farther on I saw more of them, as well as some of their absurd houses, which are built up in trees. I could not take a photograph, because of the rain, but I succeeded in getting one of some half-civilized Sakai that had come into one of the settlements. In the jungle the Sakai men and women wear only a breech-cloth made from tree bark. They are very shy, avoiding strangers, and hunt with blow-guns shooting poisonous darts. I made some study of them, and a collection of their ornaments, weapons, etc.—but of these more anon.

GROUP OF SEMI-WILD SAKAIS, ABORIGINES OF THE MALAY PENINSULA.

From first to last I took many photographs, but the rain and the tropical heat, and frequent upsettings of my dug-outs, combined to spoil the films, and I have comparatively few successes.

In Siam my immediate party consisted of seven bullock-carts and sixteen men; in the Malay Peninsula, two elephants carried my outfit as far as the character of the country permitted, and seven men packed it on their backs during the hunting in the jungle. In some parts of the Malay Peninsula I used dug-outs and men carriers. In Sumatra I employed two dug-outs to the head-waters, and then six Malay carriers. In Siam I had an interpreter, but elsewhere I relied on signs and the few native words I had picked up.

Nothing throughout the trip interested me more intensely than the study of the relative effectiveness on dangerous game of small and large calibre rifles.

When I left New York my armory consisted of one .50–100–450 and two of the .30–40 pattern. I had considered the question of heavy *vs.* light rifles very long, and seriously, reading everything on the subject I could find, and listening patiently to all who claimed knowledge. But opinion was so divided that I was, after all, eventually left to follow my own judgment. I argued that a small bullet in a vital place was as good as a large one, and so, with only the knowledge and experience of an open country, I chose my armory as above.

By the time I had lost an elephant and a rhinoceros, and narrowly escaped being gored by a wounded and infuriated wild-ox, I discovered the error of my conclusion, and re-enforced my original armory with a double-barrel 12-bore, using 120 grains of powder, and an 8-bore burning 240 grains.

In a comparatively open country, where there is a chance to view your game at a hundred yards or two, where you may be certain of a clear shot at fifty yards, and where you can sometimes have your quarry at a disadvantage, then the .50–100–450 is satisfactory—at least to me—though you would find no English sportsman in the Far East looking upon so light a gun with favor. It would be dangerous shooting, of course, but dangerous shooting has its attractions. I should be satisfied with the .50-calibre in any country open enough to permit picking my shot, as may be done in practically all of the shooting-ground in America, and in most all of it in India and Africa. But in such dense jungle as prevails in Siam, the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, and Java the sportsman who ventures after elephant, rhino, buffalo, or wild cattle, not only stands a very poor chance of scoring, but a very good chance of losing his life. The reasons are not many, but potent—to wit, in such dense jungle (1) you can rarely pick your shot; (2) you are always at a disadvantage, hence you must be prepared for sudden onslaughts, for a charging beast that you cannot see, nor tell precisely from what direction it is coming, until it bursts upon you thirty or twenty or even many less feet away. In the case of elephants or rhino, you are in the very thickest jungle, and, like as not, sunk half-way to your knees in mire. Every sportsman of heart wants the spice of danger in his sport, but none wishes to be caught like a rat in a hole by a charging beast.

In such jungle, and for the reasons I have given, you must have a rifle that will check the charge at least long enough to give you a chance to get in a killing shot. For it should be remembered that a charging elephant (Asiatic) presents an instantly vulnerable spot no larger than a saucer, a rhino none but the eye; the buffalo holds his nose so high it is almost impossible, if you are standing on an equal level with him, to send a bullet into his brain, while the wild cattle are most determined in their efforts to reach you, and die hard. To score on any one of these vulnerable spots, under the conditions of the beast charging you in thick jungle, is very fine shooting, and entirely beyond the average sportsman, or indeed the average rifle. Therefore, if you want an equal chance in the game—and there is no sport in any game if you have not at least a fighting chance—you must have a gun shooting sufficient lead with such force that the impact of the ball will bring the charging beast to his knees, and give you an instant's time to put in another ball where it will do the most harm.

It is well enough at the annual club dinner to talk of the shock and the penetration of the small bore, but under the conditions I have cited you want extraordinary smashing quality. You must get the beast down, and at once. In fact, at all times, and in whatever position you find yourself, when the opportunity comes for shooting, unless you can put your small bullet into the brain of the elephant you will not bring him down, and not invariably either the rhino or buffalo or wild-ox by a well-placed shoulder shot.

The .50–100–450 is undoubtedly the strongest shooting of the comparatively small calibres (comparatively when discussed by the side of such heavy bores as the 4, 8, 10, and 12), and yet I put three .50–100–450 metal-patch, solid, lead-pointed bullets into an elephant, two directly back of his fore-leg, a trifle below where it joins the body, and he carried them off swiftly. He left some blood, which I followed for two days, and he may have died eventually, but if so that is the more argument against the smaller calibres. I put two full-metal .50-calibre bullets and three full-metal from the high velocity .30–40 smokeless into and also directly behind the shoulder of a rhino swimming across a river, and yet he kept on and disappeared into the jungle on the other side, although he got out of the water, it seemed to me, with some difficulty; and perhaps if I could have crossed the stream, which was about thirty-five yards wide and a raging, swollen torrent, I might have secured him. I put one full-metal .50 ball into the shoulder, and one half-metal patch, solid, lead-point immediately behind the shoulder of a bison, and it rushed me so close I thought my days of big-game shooting numbered.

I was curious about the .30–40 high-velocity gun, and made many experiments; and though its execution with the half-metal patch, solid lead-point was all that could be desired on such game as deer and small bear, it was useless for elephant, rhino, buffalo, wild cattle, unless, of course, a head shot offered. It has been claimed by some of the advocates of this .30–40, and indeed all high-velocity small-calibre rifles, that the motion set up in the molecules of tissue of the animal shot was so great that it continued to other tissue contiguous, and so an enormous shock was given, due to the greatly increased velocity of the small bullet. But it is yet to be proven—certainly my experiments do not establish it—that there is any mysterious or deadly shocking power due to vibration set up by the small bullet on its way through the animal.

It is apparent, if shock is proportionate to the amount of tissue moved, that a small bullet passing through a body does not move as much tissue as a large one passing along the same line. So far as mere bullet is concerned, that one which uses up all of its velocity inside of the skin of an animal gives the greatest shock and has the deadliest effect, the velocities being the same or nearly so.

If the brain could always be reached, the .30–40 would be as deadly as the largest bore; but although lucky shots sometimes give unwarranted confidence in a gun, the fact is that for the dangerous game of the East the only dependable weapon is one of the large bores that run from 12 to 4, and may be chosen according to one's fancy and judgment based on experience, for practical experience is the only trustworthy guide in the matter. For my part, were I to make another hunt in the dense jungles of the Far East, my armory should consist of a double-barrel 8-bore (8–240–1150), rifled for about six inches at the end of the barrels, and bearing rifle-sights, and a 12-bore "paradox" for close jungle work with tiger and leopard, and because it is equally good shooting shot, but I do not care for the 12-bore rifle. My experience with it was not pleasing, and rather convinced me that the ball is too heavy for the amount of powder burned.

I should always have both guns with me in the jungle, using the 12-bore if luck gave me a head shot, the 8-bore if only a body or shoulder shot presented, and relying upon the latter gun to stop charging elephants, rhino, buffalo, and wild cattle. I should take also a .50–100–450—one of the strongest and smoothest shooting rifles I have ever used—but I should not take it into such dense jungle as I visited.

Nothing could induce me to use express-bullets or bullets hollowed to any degree.

Had I needed convincing evidence (which I did not) of the untrustworthiness of so-called express-bullets, my trip to the Far East has provided it. Among other proofs, I handled the skull of a tiger which had killed one of two men who went on foot to wait for him at a drinking-pool. The man who paid for his sport with his life used a double-barrel .577 express. He missed with his first barrel, and the second struck the tiger on the ridge of the eye, exploding, and blowing the eye out, but not even stunning the tiger, which was on top of the man before the latter could reload and before the second sportsman could use his two shots to advantage. A solid lead bullet would have penetrated to the brain. The express-bullet hardly left its mark on the tiger's skull.

The .577 is well thought of in the East by English sportsmen, but I consider the .50–100–450 better adapted for the purposes for which I should use it, because it is much more accurately sighted, and could outshoot the .577 at all distances beyond 100 yards; it is, for all practical purposes, as killing as the .577, is less bulky, and you have four shots without reloading, for two in the .577. None the less, I like the .577 very much, and it would be well to have one in your armory as a substitute in case the .50 got out of order. I am bound to say that the simple shot-gun mechanism of the .577–168–590 wins many a sportsman setting out for the jungle who is not qualified to repair the .50 in case of accident.

To illustrate how in the hunting-field all preconceived theories and notions are at times severely twisted, it just so happens that the gun which dealt the final killing shot to both the elephant and the rhino of my bag was the .50–100–450 full metal-patch bullet. But on each occasion I had already put two 12-bore bullets into the animals; in one instance because I could not get a head shot, and therefore did not use the .50, and in the other because I had the 12-bore in hand on sighting the rhino, and had no time to change guns, and was too uncertain of my aim with a strange and indifferently sighted gun to try for his head. On both occasions I fell back on the .50 because the shells jammed in the 12-bore (an old one and out of repair) and I could not get them out. The elephant was charging one of my trackers, and gave me a fine view of his head for an instant, my ball going in at his ear and out at the opposite temple, and he dropped instantly, much to the relief of my tracker—not to mention myself.

There was even more of a personal element in the conflict with the rhino, for he was charging me after receiving two 12-bore balls as near as I could put them into the fold which is just back of the shoulder, and is the part most vulnerable next to the eyes and around the ears. I was standing on a little knoll composed of earth, decaying undergrowth, and fallen timber. As the rhino charged at me over this he scattered the timber and rolled me over one side down the knoll. Fortunately for me, I tumbled off to the leeward side, and the rhino, losing my wind as well as sight of me, held his course. Meantime I had clung to my rifle, and regained my feet in much less time than it takes me to tell it. The rhino was not over fifteen to twenty feet away, and going from me, when I put in a .50 bullet directly behind his ear, and he collapsed without even the customary and very ridiculous little squeal with which he usually announces a mortal hurt.

With the exception of the crocodile, into the side of whose ugly head I made a great hole with the 12-bore—and the peacock, to get which I sat up under his roosting-tree all night, and brought down with the .30–40 at daybreak—and the wild-ox, called bison, which I dropped with an 8-bore in Burmah, and the python, I scored the balance of my bag with the .50. The peacock, by-the-way, was a surprise to me. He is a very wary bird, and most difficult to get. He spends the day on the ground, though never seen, and at dusk roosts in the top of the highest tree he can find. Your only way of killing him is to find his roosting-tree at night and sit up under it until daylight. Often even then he discovers you and is off, and he flies fast and far.

Despite it being the most unhealthful time of the year to venture into the jungle, I was not, from first to last, so affected by fever or dysentery as seriously to interfere with my hunting, although I acknowledge attacks of both kept me decidedly seedy a great deal of the time. I attribute my immunity from the prostration that befalls so many who enter the jungle at this season to extreme watchfulness over my diet, unrelaxing precaution—such as sleeping off the ground and with the smoke of a fire blowing over me, boiling all water and filtering it before using, and drinking blackest and strongest coffee before stirring about in the morning—and to temperance in eating and drinking and in medicine-taking. I did not keep myself stuffed with quinine, as I was advised to do, and thus deaden my system to its influence. I took quinine when I needed it, and not otherwise.

On Shipboard, Red Sea, *March 3, 1898.*

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WASHINGTON.

April 18, 1898.

THE House of Representatives on Wednesday adopted a joint resolution directing the President to intervene at once to stop the war in Cuba, for the purpose of securing permanent peace there, and establishing by the free action of the people thereof a stable and independent government of their own, and authorizing him "to use the land and naval forces of the United States" to these ends. On Saturday night the Senate voted to substitute for this a series of resolutions declaring the people of Cuba free and independent, recognizing the Republic of Cuba as the lawful government, demanding that Spain withdraw her army and navy from Cuba, directing the President to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect, disclaiming any disposition on the part of our government to exercise sovereignty over the island, and asserting its intention to leave the control of the island to its people. When this substitute came back to the House, the House voted to strike out the declaration of the independence of the Cuban people and the recognition of the Cuban republic. The probability is that the Senate will concede the amendments made by the House and send the resolutions to the President, who will sign, although their phraseology is not in all respects what he has desired.

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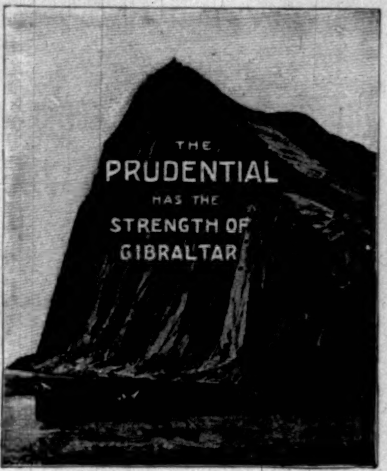

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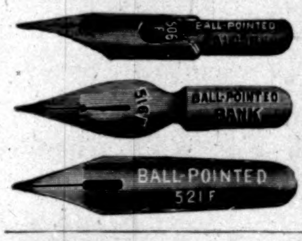

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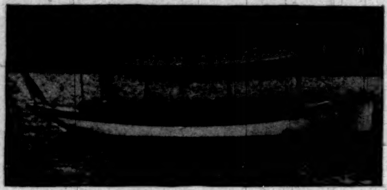

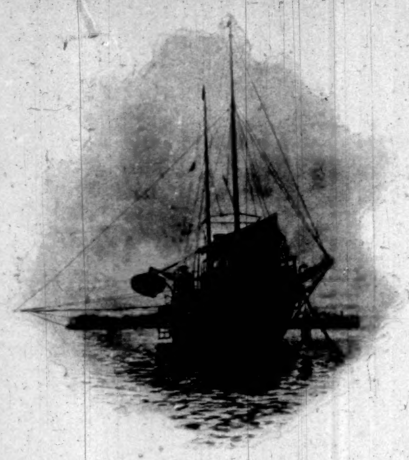

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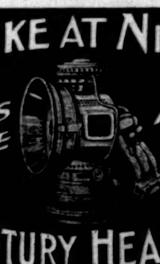

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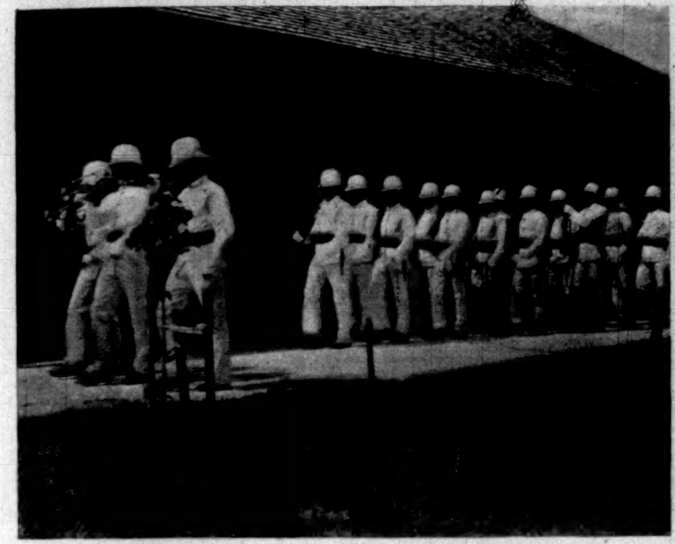

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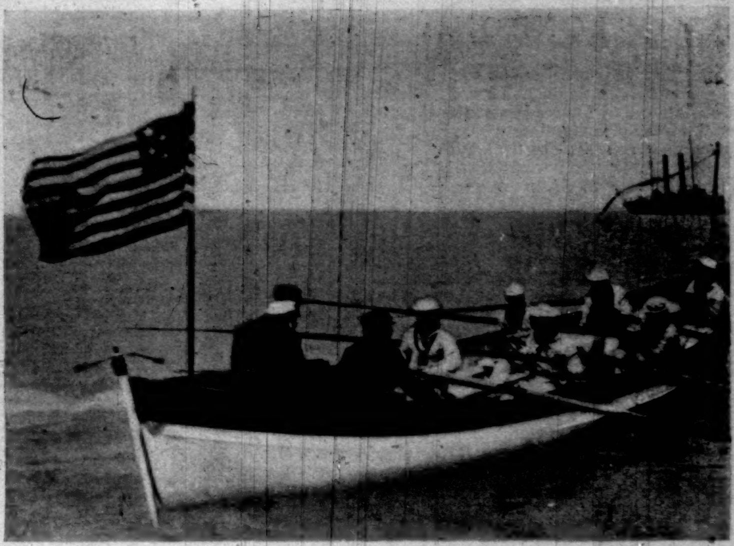

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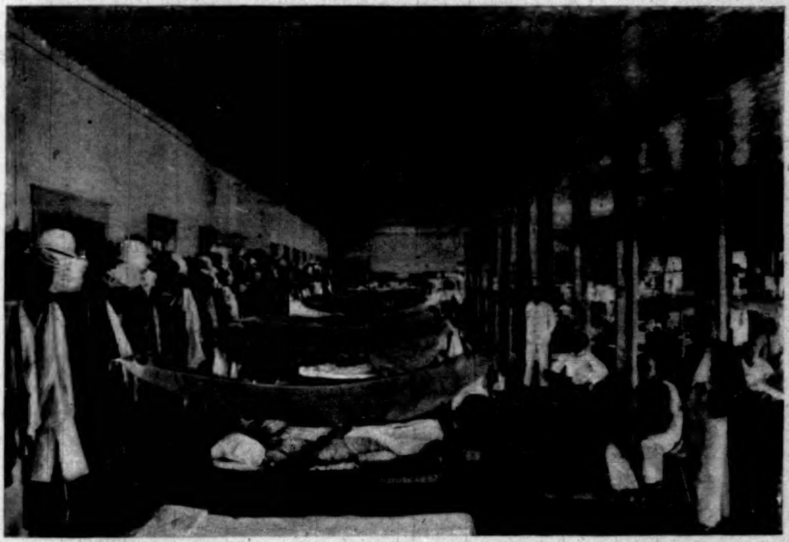
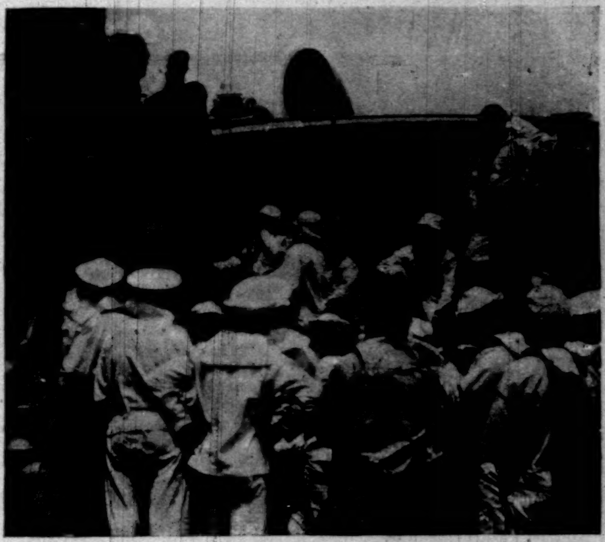


BARRACK-ROOM, 1st U. S. ARTILLERY—A MOSQUITO-BAR WITH EVERY COT.



ON BOARD THE "PURITAN"—LETTERS FROM HOME.

WITH OUR ARMY AND NAVY AT KEY WEST.—VIEWS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

In the Event of War with Spain

HARPER'S WEEKLY

will be represented at the front by a brilliant staff of artists and correspondents. RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM, FREDERIC REMINGTON, CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, W. A. ROGERS, and others have been engaged to follow the movements of the Navy and the Forces in the field. No other illustrated periodical will possess equal facilities for accurately and artistically portraying the manœuvres and battles in which our Navy and Army may engage.

Among our special correspondents will be JOHN R. SPEARS, with the North Atlantic fleet, now stationed at Key West; O. K. DAVIS, with the Flying Squadron; and HAROLD MARTIN, who, from headquarters at St. Thomas, will follow the progress of events in the West Indies.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will have with the fleets and armies all the facilities that are permitted by the Government.

LONDON.

April 2, 1898.

Before this letter reaches you so much will have happened that comments on the politics of the situation would be of no interest to the readers of the **Weekly**. I have gathered, however, some facts which may not be known in America as to the state of feeling in Europe. Of English sympathy there is no doubt. Here is an example. The reported sale to Spain by Mr. McCalmont of his magnificent yacht excites grave disapproval, especially among the working-classes. Although the United States have probably an easy task before them, so far as the defeat of Spain is concerned, the feeling is general, if not universal, in England that both publicly and privately the citizens of the United States should not be allowed to rest under any misconception as to the reality of British sympathy. This is why the sale of Mr. McCalmont's yacht is resented. In France, notwithstanding the historical friendship between the two great republics, the Russian alliance, no less than community of race, impels the French people to side with Spain rather than with America. Austria and Russia are of course philo-Spaniards; while the Kaiser and his countrymen regard the fall of another dynasty in Europe as hostile to their interests. It may therefore be said that the United States have but one sincere, convinced friend in Europe. It is true, of course, that the American Union stands in no need of help or friendship. Dim echoes of long centuries of strife with Spain are now faintly heard in the unanimous chorus of sympathy felt by the vast majority of the Queen's subjects for the government and people of the United States.

Conversation with naval experts on the subject of the maritime branch of the conflict reveals the enormous importance of the coal factor in the struggle. It is quite improbable that Spain has any large supply of coal in the Caribbean Sea, and it is to be hoped that the gallantry and dash of American commanders will destroy any stores of coal that Spain may happen to possess. If this be done, the Spanish fleet will be equally effective whether at the top or the bottom of the ocean.

There is, unhappily, no further doubt as to the mortal nature of Mr. Gladstone's illness. He is suffering from necrosis of the nasal bone. Pain, which has been almost incessant, refuses to yield to the remedies administered. That the evening of Mr. Gladstone's life should be thus clouded with physical pain touches the hearts of his most inveterate political opponents—indeed, of the whole world of English-speaking men—with a personal sense of sorrow. Needless to say Mr. Gladstone is bearing his burden with dignity and composure. Unable to read, he finds his principal solace in music. One of his family plays to him for an hour or two every day. During his recent visit to Bournemouth in search of the relief that did not come, his chief delight was in listening first to Lady Hallé and then to Mlle. Janotha, who came on different evenings and played to him at the villa. It is said that the ministrations of these kindly ladies soothed his pain as no medicament could have done. During the rumors of war and the rumbling of earthquake in every part of the world, it is touching to note the sympathy with which the English people are unanimously inspired at the spectacle of Mr. Gladstone sinking into the grave while afflicted with acute physical pain. He is fully aware of his condition, as he insisted on the doctors telling him the truth, and the whole truth. Dr. Habershon, who has replaced the late Sir Andrew Clarke as his physician in chief, once informed me that Mr. Gladstone is the best patient he has ever had, but that the right honorable gentleman always insists on knowing the reason of everything that was done. When his intelligence is convinced, his docility in complying with doctors' orders is exemplary.

Lord Salisbury, who left London for the Riviera this week, is, I understand, in worse health than is publicly believed. Repeated attacks of influenza, overwork, and the abiding sorrow of Lady Salisbury's ill health have undermined a constitution never strong at the best of times. He is sixty-eight years old. Lord Salisbury takes little or no exercise. He drives everywhere; and I remember the late Lord Granville's cheery warning to the Prime Minister that if he continued to use his brougham as much as he was in the habit of doing, not only his health, but the interests of the state would suffer. The departure of Lord Salisbury has produced outspoken criticism on the subject of his retention of the Premiership and the Foreign-Secretaryship. It is, indeed, extraordinary to the ordinary man that in the vast circle of the British Empire there is no spot to which the sovereign, the Prime Minister, the heir-apparent, and the chairman of the cabinet Committee on Defence could repair, in order to recruit their health, without resorting to the territory of the one power with whom England might be at war to-morrow. Much feeling was expressed on the occasion of the Queen's recent departure for Nice. The newspapers were too discreet to say anything in the matter. The opinion in society, however, was widespread that it would have been far better, in the present state of our relations with France, had her Majesty gone to Italy or Malta in search of the sun. Serious negotiations, involving the issues of peace and war, could scarcely be conducted with the sovereign on French soil. If war were to break out, her Majesty would receive at the hands of the chivalrous French nation every courtesy, and no doubt her special train homewards would be attended by the President himself, who, with his most courtly bow, would assure the Queen, as he handed her out of the carriage at Cherbourg, that the French republic does not make war upon a lady. Still, that is not the point. France has defiantly broken treaties, occupied British territory, excluded our trade, and committed unpardonable aggressions. Is it consonant with the dignity of a great nation, thus flouted, that its sovereign, its Premier, Foreign Secretary, Lord President, and the heir to the throne should all be guests of France? There is, however, a rumor that our troubles with France are on the eve of adjustment. Late last night, or rather early this morning, I was informed by one of the responsible authorities that France would reluctantly evacuate Boussa, but asked for time, in order to save her "face," until after the elections.

Lord Salisbury's tenure of both his offices is near its end. He may return for a little while, or he may not, but the feeling of the nation is roused at the visible disabilities under which England is suffering by the Prime Minister's incapacity to do forty-eight hours' work in the course of a single day. The results of his Foreign-Secretaryship have not been altogether satisfactory to English pride. On acceding to office Lord Salisbury declared that we were to "open new markets for ourselves among the half-civilized or the civilized nations of the globe." We have not secured new markets. In Tunis and in Madagascar old markets have been lost. Our diplomacy has been generally at fault. An arrangement with Russia at an earlier stage of her advance in the Far East would have been as statesmanlike as it was feasible. At an earlier stage moderate concessions would have contented her. Nothing was done. She has now acquired a Cronstadt in the Pacific, and by virtually annexing Manchuria, has slammed the open door in our face.

Six problems of the first importance have occupied the Foreign Office since Lord Salisbury acceded to power. He transferred to France, without consideration, the British portion of Siam across the Mekong. He permitted France to annex Madagascar, to close the market to Great Britain and the United States, and to destroy much of the result of sixty years of Protestant missionary labors. In Tunis, he surrendered the commercial treaty with the Bey without compensation, and thus allowed the one effective weapon for use against France in the Egyptian question to slip out of his hands. On the upper Nile, he has ceded to Abyssinia a large slice of southern Somaliland, while the French are being allowed to make "effective occupation" of our sphere of influence on the upper Nile, notwithstanding the declarations of the late and present governments that the interference of the French in that region would be regarded as an unfriendly act. In China, the doctrine of the "open door" has been proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets, and the territorial integrity of China was declared to be the policy of her Majesty's government. The seizure of Kiao-chau by Germany, the Russification of Manchuria, and the hoisting of the Russian flag at Port Arthur last Sunday are a reflection upon the prescience and the statesmanship of the government. The sixth problem dealt with by the Foreign Office is that of West Africa, where France has occupied the whole of the hinterland of Sierra Leone and most of the territory back of Lagos and the Gold Coast. A review of these facts shows that the machinery of English diplomacy not only requires, but will shortly receive, a thorough overhauling. More democratic vigor is indispensable.

LIEUT.-COLONEL J. HAMILTON LEWIS, STATE OF WASHINGTON.

Member of the House of Representatives from Washington.

"I shall, as heretofore, fight any organization composed of gilded military satraps, on the one hand, and tasselled society sapheads on the other."

—From his Speech against the Regular Army.—[See Page 386.]

Whether or not England is gradually drifting into a conflict with Russia and France as she drifted into the Crimean war is an open question. What is certain is that, owing to the reticence of the government and the patriotic reserve of the House of Commons, the public are completely in the dark as to whether the country is being wisely steered, or whether the illness of the helmsman has abandoned the ship of state to the winds and currents of chance. Perplexity is widespread, and it is not confined to her Majesty's Opposition. Official utterances are in conspicuous contrast with the determined language indulged in by ministers a few weeks ago. The Chancellor of the Exchequer pledged England to go to war in order to maintain the "open door" in China. The leading members of the cabinet adopted the same line, and were unanimously supported by the responsible leaders of the Opposition. The resolution of the House of Commons altogether confirmed the position adopted by the Parliamentary chiefs, and stated that "the maintenance of the independence of Chinese territory is of vital importance to the commerce and influence of the British Empire." England unlocked the door of China to foreign trade, surveyed her coasts, and drove away pirates from her seas. The English were the first to open Chinese ports for the whole world; they were the first to send steamers up the waterways, to build railways, and to develop her mines. England was the first power to give to China the nucleus of a pure administration, and, by instituting an imperial customs service, to add a princely revenue to her treasury. So that, apart from possessing four-fifths of the annual trade, Great Britain has a hereditary right to maintain the "open door."

Under these circumstances, the news that China concedes the fortified naval base of Port Arthur, as well as Ta-lien-wan as the terminus of the Trans-Manchurian Railway, compels Britain either to take immediate action or to reverse the drift of our policy in the Far East. Port Arthur dominates Peking. The possession of Port Arthur by Russia, with the command of the coal-fields of the Liao-tung Peninsula and of the great grain-growing area of Shing-king, would destroy the balance of naval power in the western Pacific, undermine British influence, and menace the existence of British and American commerce in that region. Port Arthur is not a commercial outlet. Its threatened occupation by Japan two years ago was denounced by Russia as "a permanent danger to the independence of the Chinese Empire and the peace of the Far East." It is difficult to see why its occupation by Russia is less a danger to the peace of the Far East than if it were in the hands of the Japanese. Next week, however, Mr. Balfour is to make a statement, from which we shall doubtless learn that, rather than blow open the shut door with gunpowder, Britain will occupy a port or an island so as to command the Yang-tse Valley. If Russia, established at Port Arthur, places her masterful hands on the throat of the empire at Peking, one of the first objects of Russia's policy will be to secure for France the territorial concessions in the south to which, as Russia's henchwoman, she may consider herself entitled to lay claim. Moltke, rightly or wrongly, held every war, even when successful, to be a national misfortune; but if war was inevitable, he was for striking the first blow.

At the time of writing it is not known whither the China squadron under Admiral Seymour has gone. Whether Shanghai, Chusan, or Wei-hai-wei is to become British or not will be decided during the next few days. It is unlikely that there will be war. Russia has obtained what she wanted to obtain without war. Knowing what she wants, her policy is clear, her actions prompt, definite, and successful. No statement made by Mr. Balfour will remove the taint of paralysis that has enfeebled British policy in the Far East. We are now in the position of improvising a new policy, and relegating the policy of the "open door" to the scrap heap. It is no use having a magnificent navy unless its masters know how to use it; and when national policy vibrates from month to month, not because national interests have changed, but because ministers do not know their own minds, the nation squirms.

There is reason to believe that the power of Russia is enormously overrated. The army of bureaucrats by which she is governed are ill paid, ill educated, and generally corrupt. Russia has no large middle class whose sons can fill her civil service with men whose integrity may be trusted, who are too proud to steal, and who are not to be bought by rajahs, princes, khans, emirs, mandarins, or contractors. The English and American nations possess an almost inexhaustible supply of young men who, on a pittance of three or four thousand dollars a year, may be set in authority, isolated from their kind, and who may be trusted to administer their district or province with diligence, honesty, and virtue. Not so Russia. The drinking habits rife in that country are practically the same as existed in England a hundred years ago, when drunkenness at a dinner party was the rule rather than the exception. Drunkenness and corruption are the two curses of the Russian administrative service; and although Muscovite diplomacy has been signally successful, a good many of the executive departments by land and sea may be trusted to break down when next Russia is engaged in a struggle for life. It is true that the drunken nations of the earth are the most virile, and have writ their names more deeply on the marble of history than the nations eschewing wine. But Russia, the greatest of the drinking nations, has rarely succeeded in war. With the exception of Pultawa, it is difficult to point to a campaign in which Russia has been effectively successful. The Turkish campaign was a failure, as no equivalent for the immense loss in blood and treasure was received. The Crimean war brought Russia to her knees; and believing that the moral fibre of a nation is not only its chief, but original source of strength, I am firmly convinced that in the next great struggle with despotic Russia her feet of clay will be revealed.

Arnold White.

THE "CARMAGNOLE."

A curious and pathetic conclusion seems to have been reached in regard to the disputed authorship of the tune of the famous Revolutionary song named—which, by-the-way, was heard about the streets significantly during the Zola trial. Two women composed that flippant waltz-melody, which the mobs howled in the ears of the doomed during the Reign of Terror. Those two women were—oh, tragic irony!—Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe—Marie Antoinette called in the vulgar words fitted to the air "Madame Véto." It was jotted down by the Queen and her faithful friend, the Princess, as a new rigadoon for a ball at the Trianon. With what emotions must the illustrious and widowed prisoner in the cell of the Conciergérie have heard her furious enemies enjoying her own melody, under such altered uses and to a foul text!

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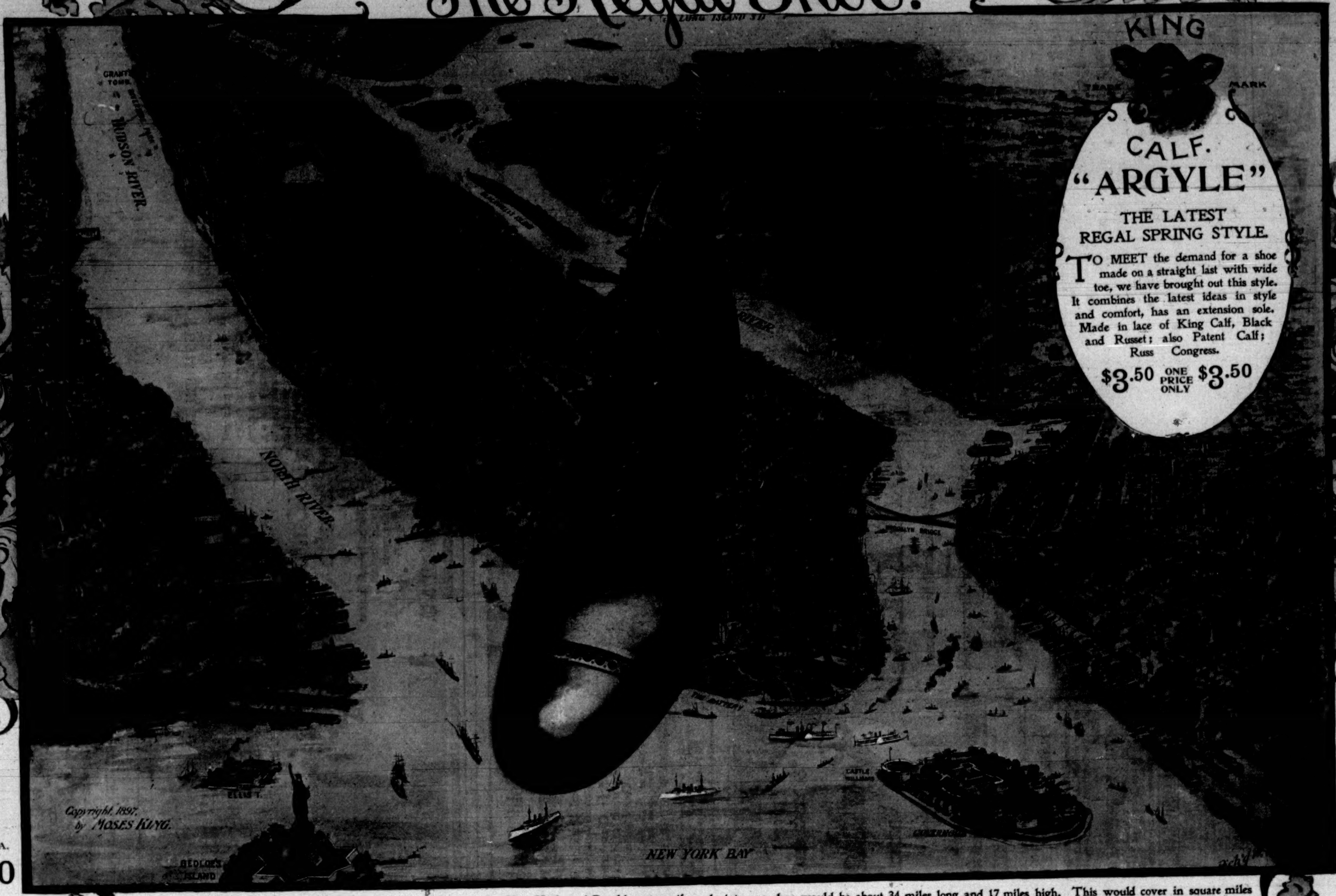

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